National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment...Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

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Selections.

MR. POINSETT ON NULLIFICATION.

Dear Sir:—I was much gratified to find by the notice you sent me of the call of a public meeting of the voters of Georgetown to consider the condition of our affairs in regard to the general Government, that the vigilance of a portion of our fellow citizens had at length been aroused by the extraordinary acts of our Legislature. I should have been glad to hear the explanations of our Representatives, not only as to the object of the Convention and their reasons for increasing our taxes; but to learn whether they supposed that their constituents when they elected them to make laws to promote the prosperity of the State, intended to confer on them the dangerous power of initiating a revolutionary movement too likely to terminate in its ruin. I have every disposition to do justice to our Representatives, and regret therefore my inability to assist at the meeting. I have suffered lately from severe indisposition, and am still too weak to leave my home for any time; under other circumstances your kind invitation would have been promptly accepted, and it would have given me great pleasure to take counsel with those I so highly esteem.

I studied the proceedings of our Legislature during its last session with earnest solicitude, but failed to find there reasons or explanations for what was proposed to be done. I saw only the expression of excited feelings, passionate declamation and foregone conclusions, all tending to revolution, secession, peaceable or forcible, in conjunction with other States or alone; in short, a fixed determination to hurry the State into the fearful position it now occupies. And what are the causes assigned for measures calculated to alter the foundations of our Government and the destinies of our people. Not the admission of California, for that is a "*fait accompli.*" California is become a State, and no act of ours can drive her out of the Union. She is however a sovereign State, free to follow the dictates of her own interests, and may introduce slaves to work her mines if she thinks proper so to do. You all must recollect the history of the debate which occurred in the Legislature of the State of Illinois immediately after its admission into the Union. It was a free State under the compromise; but an act was passed by both houses to introduce slaves, and would have become a law but for the intervention of Governor COLES. He vetoed the bill. But does any one suppose, if the citizens of Illinois had on maturer reflection decided it to be for their future interest that Slavery should be introduced into that State, the opposition of the Governor could have prevented it? Surely not! It was with them and will be forever and everywhere purely a question of interest. Slavery will be introduced wherever slave labor can be profitably employed, whether that be in California, Utah or New Mexico, and will be extinguished where slaves become a burthen, as was the case in the Northern States before they were emancipated there.

Nor can the arrangement entered into between Texas and the General Government be regarded as affording any color for these measures. Texas, the party most concerned, accepted the offers of Government with unexampled unanimity, and on that account we have no longer any cause of complaint. The suppression of the slave market in Washington furnishes no excuse for violence. It was purely a municipal regulation, not uncalled for by the circumstances. Are we then about to commence a revolutionary movement because we apprehend aggression? This would certainly be a most unheard of proceeding. But we are told no revolution is contemplated. South Carolina, in conjunction with other slave States or alone, merely intends peaceably to secede from the Union!

I have looked in vain for any sanction of this right by the early expounders of our Constitution. It was advocated, indeed advanced by none, and expressly repudiated by the wisest and best of the statesmen of that epoch. Such a doctrine would have defeated the end and aim of the Constitution, which was to form a more perfect and permanent Union than existed under the old confederation. It seems to me preposterous to suppose a single State to possess a constitutional right to secede from the Union whenever it may think proper to do so, without regard to the injury such an act might inflict upon the other States. The old and well considered maxim of common law applies to States as well as to individuals. "*Sic utere tuo ut non alienum lædas.*" Make use of what is your own in such a manner as not to injure another. As well might it be contended that a man has a right to set fire to his own house, because he is dissatisfied with it. If he were so ill advised, however, as to exercise this abstract right over his own property in the midst of a city, he would be regarded as a violater of the law, and be consigned to punishment for the crime of Arson; and what comparison is there in the degree of crime between the conflagration of the most opulent city in the universe, and the overthrow of this great republic, the seat of freedom, the hope of the world, the foundation of our strength and safety?

But our Legislators evidently did not regard secession as likely to be acquiesced in by the other States, or as a perfectly peaceable measure. On the contrary they appropriated half a million of dollars in order to overcome the opposition they expected to encounter, and with rare caution commenced to raise the taxes in a manner not to alarm our fears before the fatal step is taken, and the State engaged in war. They are too intelligent not to be aware, that ten times the amount raised for 1851 will be required in 1852, should the warlike and revolutionary measures contemplated be carried into effect.

As the people generally may not be acquainted with the subject, and ought not to be ignorant to what amount the taxes must be increased in order to carry out the engagement which will probably be entered into in their name by their Representatives; I will state very briefly the cost of the armies, navies, fortifications and armaments of the United States. The cost of the regular forces is $400 a man per annum, that of volunteers about three times that amount.

I will say nothing here of the difference in the efficiency of these two descriptions of force, nor of the disparity in their mortality.

The cost of an armed vessel may be stated at $7150 a gun, the lowest cost; its wear and tear is estimated at 8 1-2 per cent per annum. This calculation does not include the expenses of the crew to sail and fight her. The building and equipment of war steamers is much more costly. They carry fewer and much heavier guns. First rate steamers cost about $50,000 a gun exclusive of the expenses of the crew. It would be a frightful error to suppose that the steamers to be built for the direct trade with Europe would prove, if armed, capable of contending with the war steamers of the United States.

The cost of fortifications cannot be stated with precision, so much depends upon local circumstances, but may be estimated including armament at $3,500 a gun, exclusive of the expenses of the garrison and cost of repairs.

With these data you will find the cost of maintaining the minimum force necessary to present a show of resistance will exceed $3,000,000 the first year, and go on increasing as the resources of the State diminish from the withdrawal of so many of her hardy sons from tilling the soil.

The amount set down as the minimum of our expenses in time of revolution will have to be raised by direct taxation or loans negotiated at home, for be assured that the Slave States which place themselves in hostility to the General Government will lose all credit abroad. It is the guaranty given by the Constitution to this description of property, and the well known power of the General Government to redeem that guaranty, that has given them the credit they have hitherto enjoyed; nor could South Carolina calculate upon receiving anything from duties on imports, for they would be levied by the General Government, and any attempt to increase them for the purpose of supporting the State would drive the trade to the neighboring ports of North Carolina and Georgia. Indeed it is to be apprehended that the annoyance of being brought under the guns of a vessel of war, and kept there until the duties are paid, might alone have that effect.

There is one error which our speakers and writers appear to have generally fallen into, that I think it necessary to advert to. They are, it would seem, persuaded, that Great Britain will take part with South Carolina, in any contest she may have with the United States. They believe there is such a charm in *cotton*, that the great manufacturer [illegible] article must of necessity be united in war [illegible] with the producer. Now is it probable that Great Britain would risk the loss of her best market, and engage in a war with a powerful nation in order to secure to her manufactories the small supply of cotton South Carolina produces? I do not believe she would take so impolitic and hazardous a step, if all the cotton-growing States were united in the contest.

In the first place, I take it for granted that there would be no opposition to the export of our cotton, and Great Britain would receive it either from Charleston or Savannah; in the next, Great Britain would regard any separation of a slave State or States from those which are Free, as the beginning of the end of Slavery in North America, to which they would contribute by every effort in their power. They are persuaded, whether erroneously or not, that the cultivation of cotton can be carried on by free labor, and entertain no apprehensions on that score. Released from the obstacles a great nation now opposes to the zeal of their Abolitionists, cargoes of them would be sent over in the ships we rely upon to transport our produce. Not like the Northern political demagogues, but honest, zealous fanatics, who will find in our dissensions new hopes and inducements for fresh exertions.

In France the same feeling exists. In a debate which lately arose in the French Assembly not later than December, 1850, upon the exercise in New Orleans and Charleston of our municipal regulations in relation to black and colored seamen, a representative from the French West Indies interrogated Ministers respecting their application to French citizens He said they were a flagrant violation of the laws of nations, an outrage upon humanity, an insult to French dignity, &c. The replies of the Ministers were apologetical. They assured the Assembly that "they had already done all in their power to obtain from those States a revision of laws which are almost barbarous, almost savage;" and M. Labitte, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, closed his speech with these remarkable words: "Well, hitherto, neither France nor England has had the happiness to persuade these States of the Union, that it was necessary to enter upon the course of civilization [illegible] which every generously desire. To this end we will continue to earnestly we have labored. *Perhaps we shall have better success when those countries shall comprehend that they are without the pale of the laws of all nations.*" These expressions were greatly applauded by the Assembly.

Such being the opinions on the subject of our institutions prevailing in England and France, ought we not to pause before we withdraw ourselves from the protecting arm which now shelters us? If we stand alone how long would it be before we should be visited by a French fleet to seek redress and demand reparation from us for having sent to jail one of her citizens, a colored gentleman from Martinique or Guadaloupe, and blockading our ports until satisfaction is given. And here let me remark, that neither South Carolina nor any other purely slave State can ever posses a mercantile marine or a navy. There is no example of a nation having a large portion of its laboring population in a state of vassalage, possessing an efficient marine. There exists no class to draw sailors from, for slaves or serfs cannot be trusted on long voyages or safely employed in ships of war, and it is a mistake to suppose that entire dependence can be placed on foreign seamen. The Russian Empire has had this difficulty to contend with, and has hitherto found the obstacle it presents insuperable.

I am reluctantly compelled by my failing strength to close this letter. I would fain have made some comments upon the very extraordinary fact, that of all the candidates for the honor of a seat in this Convention, to which the people will without being consulted be regarded as having delegated all their power, have without exception declared their firm determination to vote for disunion or the secession of South Carolina in conjunction with other States or alone: and some have gone the length of expressing not only their dissatisfaction with the General Government but their utter hatred of it.

May He who holds the destinies of nations in the palm of His hands, avert from our beloved State the terrible evils these symptoms foreshadow; and restore to the people of South Carolina that noble independence which formerly distinguished their character, and led them to rebuke the exercise of undelegated power, and in every emergency to think and act for themselves. I am very truly, my dear sir, Yours,

J. R. POINSETT.

WHITE HOUSE, Pee Dee, Feb. 7, 1851.

MR. CAPERS' LETTER.

To my Fellow-Citizens of South Carolina:

I take the liberty of addressing you, through the newspapers, on a subject of a different character from what has hitherto employed me; and I do so the more readily as my life guaranties my sincerity, and, on your part, personal good will. It is the first time that I have ever felt it my duty to express publicity and opinion on any matter of State policy. Once, indeed, during the extreme excitement which prevailed in Charleston, on the subject of Nullifying a law of Congress, I met with the Clergy of the city apart, at the instance of some venerable citizens, to consider whether there was anything which we might possibly do, in our sacred character, to promote peace. But it resulted in nothing. We found nothing in our power, but our prayers for the people. Ministers of religion have very little to do, at any time, with matters of State, more than pray for God's guidance and blessing on the people. Nevertheless, Ministers are men—are citizens; and it may be expedient, once in a life time of three score years and more, for a minister to appear in his character as a citizen, and not as a minister. Suffer me, then, for this one time, to assert my citizenship, and commune with you, freely on the state of public affairs. I am a citizen; a son of a citizen; born on the soil of South Carolina not long after it had been won, in part, by the sword of my father.

After an absence of about five months, on my sacred duties in Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and Georgia, I cannot express how painfully it has shocked me to be told on my return home, that the great State measures now on foot look solely to secession from the United States, by this State alone; that the Convention shortly to be held is in order to this; and that the only question to be open there is one of time; whether to secede at once or await the issue of the Southern Congress, and then secede.

To secede at once, or at a future time, alone, must be to secede from the other Southern States no less than from the Northern. It must be a putting of the other Southern States in fault—a sort of branding them as deficient in knowledge, or courage, or patriotism, or all these together. They are involved in all respects, as we are, touching the injustice of the late acts of Congress. We may not hold ourselves wiser nor better than they are, but as equals only, and they are many, while we are comparatively few. And what, in such circumstances, will be the probable judgment of mankind, respecting our action, should we secede?

If I may place any reliance on what has come under my observation, during my long journey through five of the principle Southern States, it is not probable that a Southern Congress, representing the Southern people, can be had at all; nor, if it could be had, that it would do much, if anything, more than the Georgia Convention did. As to secession, I have no doubt that three-fourths of the people would oppose it at the present time. The reason of this opposition, I have understood to be, that they do not consider the acts of Congress to be a violation of the Constitution, and in their opinion, nothing less should justify secession. I understand it to be the opinion of our people of South Carolina, that Congress has violated the Constitution. At most, then, it is a mooted point, and not settled fact; we entertainining one view of it while a majority of the wise and virtuous of other States, greatly outnumbering us, hold the opposite. Do we owe them nothing? Is it not even due to our own self respect [illegible] view the matter? Surely, we should know [illegible] are right, beyond dispute, before we [illegible] to a final act of the most fearful import.

And ought we not to consider consequences? Patriotism demands not of us to run madly on to our country's ruin; and secession, by our State alone, must prove ruinous. What though no hostile army might invade our soil, the United States must and will oppose us. Charleston will be shut out from [illegible] of the world, her commerce perish, her merchants leave her in despair; while from her very suburbs our Rice and Cotton shall be carried to Savannah and Augusta for market. Even now the rivalry of Savannah is not to be contemned, but let our State secede from the Union, and Charleston must become a desolation.

Nor will the blight fall on Charleston only, but on all the State; while our taxes increased sevenfold, and the heart of the present agitation cooling off our very leaders, if they should prove too proud to be found knocking at the door of the Union for admission, shall join the many thousands of our poverty-stricken people in their flight from their ruined homes to more favorite parts. Can patriotism demand the sacrifice? Patriotism demand the sacrifice of the State? No, never.

Let us then, fellow-citizens review our ground. If a Convention we must have, let it not be a Convention of boys, and half-made men, but of the wise and sober minded. There is no battle to be fought for glory, by secession, but a fearful struggle with poverty and high taxes, hard times without hope of improvement, and great and sore humiliation. And may God grant us delivarance.

WILLIAM CAPERS.

Charleston, Feb. 6. 1851.

From the Mobile Daily Advertiser.

JOHN BULL AND THE PALMETTO STATE.

THE conduct of the British Consul at Charleston in addressing a semi-diplomatic letter to the Governor of South Carolina, is exciting animated comments throughout the Union. The object of the communication was to remonstrate against a law of the State, subjecting all persons of African descent entering its ports from other States, or from foreign countries, to be removed and placed in confinement until the vessels in which they arrive shall depart. [illegible] passed in 1899 in consequence of an attempt to organize an insurrection which was instigated by colored persons from the West Indies.—Under its operation, various [illegible] in question, as well from the Northern as the class from abroad, have been seized and imprisoned in Charleston. Massachusetts made an attempt, some fifteen years since to test the constitutionality of this enactment. At a period of intense excitement, she dispatched the venerable Mr. Hoar, an eminent lawyer, to South Carolina, for that purpose. But no sooner had he arrived at Charleston, than a committee of the most prominent citizens waited upon him, and informed him that arrangements had been made to facilitate his immediate departure, and notwithstanding he very earnestly waived the acceptance of such attentions, the Committee most courteously accompanied him to a vessel, and bade him "Good Speed" upon his return to the Bay State. No subsequent effort, we believe, has been made by any Northern State to interfere with the operation of this law.

The British Government, has, on several occasions, found her colored seamen, arrested and imprisoned under this law, and by similar statutes in Louisiana and Alabama. Formerly there was an ordinance of the city of Mobile directing her officers to arrest all colored persons upon vessels arriving in our bay, and hold them in custody till the departure of their vessels. At different times, several such were seized and so treated. Similar occurrences have occasionally happened at New Orleans.

Against the operation of these laws, the British authorities have repeatedly remonstrated to our Government at Washington. We remember that a few years since, Mr. Crampton, then acting as Chargé de Affaires from her Britanic Majesty, under her special instructions from Lord Palmerston, addressed a letter to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, complaining bitterly of the seizure, imprisonment and "mistreatment" of certain British subjects, free persons of color, who had been taken from a ship in Mobile Bay, and incarcerated in our county jail. He protested against this treatment, as a violation of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and contrary to the usage of all civilized nations at peace, and insisted that the law under which it occurred should at once be repealed, or a stop put to its execution.

This communication, Mr. Buchanan transmitted to the United States Attorney at Mobile, with instructions to enquire into the circumstances of the cases alluded to and to report upon them, as well as the form, origin, and operation of the law under which they occurred. It so happened that the Legislature of Alabama had at its last session, passed an act, which superseded the ordinance in question, and thereby removed any further cause of complaint upon that score. The facts were reported to the State Department, and the difficulties amicably adjusted.

But in South Carolina, a different state of events has occurred. The British Minister at Washington remonstrated in a similar manner, to the Secretary of State against the enforcement of her law. After much correspondence, Mr. Buchanan, and we believe subsequently Mr. Clayton, informed the *diplomat*, that the law in question was a matter of internal State police, with which the Federal Government could not interfere. The complex nature of our confederated system, by which a distinction of powers, between the General and State Governments, exists, was pointed out, no doubt to the edification, if not the satisfaction of Her Majesty's representative.

The British functionaries seemed thus to be *nonplussed*, if not check-mated. But now, it appears, that, in the pause which ensued, they determined upon a move, at once bold, original, novel, and startling. If our States were "sovereign and independent," as we frequently say, they hit upon the plan of opening directly a correspondence with them. Accordingly Mr. Mathews, the British Consul for North and South Carolina, addressed a letter to Governor Means of the latter State, bringing to his notice, and to that of the Legislature, the law in question, arguing its contravention to the Treaty, and insisting that it is unconstitutional; supporting himself in the latter view by the opinion of Mr. Wirt while Attorney General under President Adams.

This extraordinary movement coming at the time it did, when South Carolina, was meditating upon a secession from the Union, by no means gave any offence to Gov. Means. He received the communication with diplomatic courtesy, and responded that he would lay the communication before the Legislature then in session; which was done but no action was had in reference to it, as the session was near its close.

It is not wonderful that this correspondence has excited a sensation in the country. Never before, has the representative of any foreign government ventured to open a correspondence with the authorities of any of our States. The act is a gross violation of national courtesy, and a pragmatical interference with our internal affairs. For all the purposes of national intercourse our Federal Government is Supreme, and exclusive. It is the only portion through which a foreign nation can approach us. The several Governments of Europe, and particularly that of Great Britain, have recognized the independence and sovereignty of the "United States" composed of the several States as elementary parts. They know that they have no more right to approach diplomatically, any one of the States, than we would have to approach in the same manner, the counties of Kent, or Cumberland, in England, or any of the departments in France. Our States are "sovereign" over their domestic concerns—but that is solely in relation to the Union,—and not to foreign powers. Our Federal Constitution gives the entire power of making treaties, which are declared to be "the supreme law of the land" to the General Government, and specifically prohibits any State from "entering into any agreement or contract with a foreign power."

These features of our Government were well known to the British Consul, and to the Ministry under whose direction he has no doubt acted, and yet he essays, in violation of them, to open a diplomatic correspondence with South Carolina. His conduct deserves the most decided reprobation of our Government, and we think the President should at once withdraw his *exequatur* and let him return to his own country to learn new lessons of diplomatic etiquette and international courtesy.

We say this, without reference to the nature of the subject-matter of the Consuls communication. It however is one intimately associated with questions of vital importance, and shows the danger of tolerating the interference of foreign emissaries in our internal affairs. If the British Government is justly aggrieved with the legislation and practice of any State, let her present her claims to the Federal Head, and press them there. The officers of our own Government would have far more influence in inducing the State to modify or repeal the statutes complained of than any foreign power.

From the Louisville Journal.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

We learn from the *Charleston Mercury* that this body, at its recent session, adopted an important resolution in relation to that portion of the Book of Discipline of the Church which relates to Slavery. It appears that, at the last meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Church South, an effort was made to carry a resolution to relieve the discipline of the section which intimates that Slavery is inconsistent with Christianity. The motion to strike out this obnoxious section failed in the General Conference.

The South Carolina Conference, not being satisfied with the action of the General Conference, at its late meeting took the subject into consideration, and Dr. Whiteford Smith, a zealous believer in the divinity of negro Slavery, introduced a resolution, which was adopted, and which relieves the discipline of the feature which is regarded as offensive by the South Carolina preachers generally. A committee was appointed, whose duty it is to confer with the book agent of the Church South, and to take the necessary steps to have an edition of the Book of Discipline published for circulation within the borders of the South Carolina Conference, without the obnoxious section in the old book on the subject of negro Slavery.

The treasury [illegible] seventeen thousand dollars within the State of South Carolina [illegible] port of missions. The most of this money is expended among the preachers to slaves on the plantations. This sum exhibits the interest felt by the Methodists in South Carolina on the subject of affording religious instruction to the slaves. Other denominations of Christians also make large provisions for the same purpose. Indeed, we doubt much whether in any other State as extensive provision is made for the moral and religious instruction of slaves. It is well known that many of the large planters employ preachers, and it frequently happens that two or more smaller planters join together to support a preacher to the negroes.

The belief is very general in South Carolina that the more you expand the moral and religious faculties the sentiments of the slaves the more useful and profitable they become to their masters. It is therefore felt to be to the interest of slaveholders to provide their slaves with the means of religious instruction. Even where no higher sentiment than that of self-interest is acknowledged by planters, they are willing to expand money to sustain the stated preaching of the gospel to those under their care. In the majority of cases, however, it is to be presumed that a higher motive than a selfish one is felt, and that the object is quite as much to benefit the slave as to promote the advantage of the master. We think it a very clear proposition that the higher you elevate the moral and religious sentiments of the slave, the more useful he becomes to those who claim his services. Indeed, we go further than this and maintain that all classes in the community ought to receive moral and religious instruction and that it is the interest of a government and of the community to provide the means where they are wanting. In South Carolina it has been ascertained that the free blacks as well as the slaves are greatly improved by the culture of their hearts, and hence much attention is given to this subject. If this unfortunate class of persons were more generally attended to, they would certainly be far less offensive than they now are. A man, whether white or black, is greatly benefitted by moral and religious culture, and, if such culture were greatly more general than it now is, there would be far less vice, crime, degradation and the miseries of poverty than now afflict the community.

A Correspondent of the (Glasgow) *British Friend* in communicating to that paper some reminescences of a recent visit to this continent, thus speaks of the Colored people of Nova Scotia:

In alluding to the colored people in Halifax and its vicinity, I stated them to be poor, ignorant, dirty, and indolent; and that no pains had been taken by the Government, or by any benevolent society, to elevate them by education and training above their present condition. In glancing at the whole province, however, one bright spot presents itself, standing alone like an oasis in the desert, which I have great pleasure in being able to point out.

The history of the Negro race located in Nova Scotia is a brief one. In the American war of 1812, a British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake Bay, and anchored for several months off the Virginian shore. The planters fled in alarm, and the colored people were invited to take refuge on board the ships, and bid adieu for ever to Slavery. Probably 2000 slaves availed themselves of this offer, and were taken to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The promises of rations, &c., held out to them were never fulfilled; and, with the exception of being free instead of in bonds, nineteen out of every twenty have been ever since in a worse condition than they were in Virginia, as the interests of the masters prompted them to provide them with necessaries which they have since too often wanted. So great a blessing, however, do they esteem freedom to be, that none of them could be persuaded to return to Virginia.

When they were brought here, they were promised a grant of land, and each family had thirty five acres of tolerably good land, given them. But what could be expected from such a number of poor creatures just immerged from the ignorance and degradation of Slavery, being placed in an unbroken forest, only relieved by marshes and swamps, and told that was their land, which they might cultivate and live upon? To bring such land under profitable cultivation, required capital, skill, and industry, none of which were possessed by them; and, as a consequence, they have dragged on a miserable existence for thirty-eight years, being little better than a race of beggars. Alas! they have had to endure the mental and moral evils inflicted upon them by Slavery, their energies never having been developed: suffering also from the contempt felt for their race by almost every American-born man and woman.

It is to be hoped better things are in prospect for these despised and rejected sons of Africa. A few years ago, their case excited the commiseration of a benevolent gentleman of St. John's, Edmund H. Duval, who has made these people the objects of his peculiar care. Aided by contributions from Joseph Eaton, of Bristol, and others of our Friends in England, he is making attempts to educate them, and otherwise to improve their condition, by offering prizes to those who are most deserving. Hitherto these efforts on behalf of a poor, despised, and degraded class of our fellow-beings, have been remarkably successful, and it is to be hoped, they may be blessed in effectually elevating their condition, mentally and morally; so that at least professing Christians in that part of the world may practically feel that they really belong to our race, and acknowledge the truth that God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the earth.

The following extracts from a recent letter of E. H. Duval, to our friend, Joseph Eaton, will be perused with interest by all those who have at heart the welfare of the Negro race:—

"When I came to this province, nearly five years ago, I found that the colored people had not had either day or Sunday schools among them for several years, and when they formerly had one, it was kept by a colored man, and was anything but efficient. My first care was to establish a good school; this, however, I could not have done but for the aid of the British Friends, by whose generosity a neat and commodious-school was erected. I took care to have it finished in a proper manner: that is to say, plastered and painted, that they might be excited to pay some attention to neatness in their own dwellings. Altogether the building cost some £25 or £30, £5 or £6 of which I have yet to receive, or pay it myself. My next care was to get a suitable teacher. Having the charge of the Normal School, I had a good opportunity for selecting a man, and I am happy to say that he has turned out everything that could be wished. The people have the fullest confidence in him, and he has the largest school that I am acquainted with in a rural district. He is an intelligent, pious man; happily divested of those prejudices which generally prevent natives of this country from sympathizing with a suffering colored man. Mr. Robert Forster, of London, obtained a grant for two years, towards the support of the school, of £10; I trust this will be continued. This is from a fund raised for African education by members of the Society of Friends. Having got the school into successful operation, my next care was to adopt means to improve the adult population. A Temperance Society was formed, which is in a very prosperous state. Several who may have been addicted to habitual drunkenness have been reformed; and many who thought, from their steady habits, they need not join, have found that they are all the better for having done so. I attended a meeting last Saturday evening, and was greatly pleased with the simple recitals, both of men and women.

"Another object I have kept in view is the drawing out of their energies, to arouse them from the slothful lethergy into which they unhappily had fallen, and thus brought reproach upon the efforts of philanthropists, as well as contempt on themselves. I was enabled to accomplish something in this way by the kindness of Mr. Thomas Sanders, who sent, by my friend, Mr. Arthur Grindon, five sovereigns, last March. This realized £6 currency. I accordingly offered £5 in small sums, as agricultural [illegible] were so poor they could not purchase the seed; I had to supply them with it, which, for forty-five families who competed, cost £7 odds. Thus supplied, they all went to work; never were such times known in Loch Lomond before; the people, to the surprise of almost every one, exerted themselves most vigorously, the season was propitious, and the crops, considering the little skill they had, were abundant. Robert Jardine, Esq., the President of the County Agricultural Society, acted as umpire, and awarded the prizes. I asked him at what he might value the crops, and he said, at a very moderate calculation he should say £70.—Thus was our good friend, Mr. Sanders, the means of multiplying mercies to the poor sons and daughters of Africa located here. But the pecuniary benefit conferred sinks into nothing, when compared with the moral influence effected. The people have learned that they can do something for themselves, and they have felt the effects of their own exertions. It was stated by one of them last Saturday, at the Temperance meeting, that this winter there had not been so much suffering as in former winters.

"I hope, my dear sir, that I have not wearied you by my account of those among whom my lot has been cast. Among Bristol Friends I learned the sweetness springing from humane efforts to benefit suffering humanity. By God's good providence, I am in a better position for doing anything personally than I ever was before, and I have accordingly expended more myself than I should like to tell you; but the claims of my own family, yet young, compel me to think, and exercise prudence Much yet remains to be done; and I sincerely trust that my old and much esteemed friends, to whom you may mention the matter, will enable me again, to offer this spring, prizes that shall yet more fully develope their energies. The other pound sent by Mr. Sanders, I devoted to prize-books among the most industrious of the scholars of the day-school. You will notice, that all that has been done has been with a view to encourage exertion, and not a shilling expended in charitable donations; yet there is among them a fearful amount of suffering and poverty, which cannot be altogether disregarded, and for which we who live on the spot have frequently to put our hands in our pockets.

"I see, by the March *Temperance Herald*, that John Candler and G. W. Alexander are in the West Indies. How I wish that some of the friends would pay a ministerial visit or philanthropic visit, which ever it is, to these provinces. In the West Indies, the colored man has a friend in the missionary, who has a British heart; while here, the American looks upon him as a *nigger*, and whatever his educational or religious advantage may be, cannot overcome these senseless prejudices; if a benevolent man, he would keep a negro from starving, but he would not sit to eat at the same table with him, if the colored man was worth £50,000. If the American is a religious man, he rejoices at the colored man's conversion, but he will not allow him a seat in his pew. And till this year, he would be glad to see a colored man industrious, and would wink at his keeping a shop in the city, but not allow him to take up the freedom of the city, because that would imply equality. I am happy to say that the law is now altered, as it was a blot upon the statute-book of a British-American city.

"With this amount of prejudice, you will easily see how little chance there is for getting assistance for them here; added to which, it is too true that they have for years been a pest, as a race of intemperate, illiterate, and lazy beggars; among them, however, there have always been some few who, by the grace of God, have been made very different characters."

From the Syracuse Standard.

GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P.

THE following account of this late visitor, to Syracuse, may be interesting to some of the readers of the *Standard*. The author was, at one period, the constituent of Mr. T. and resided in the district that gentleman represents, at the time of his election to a seat in Parliament.

George Thompson was born in Liverpool, on the 18th of June 1804, and when he was only two years of age his parents removed to London.

His parents having a large family and very limited means, his educational advantages were very limited; but his education being conducted at home, by his father, a man of extensive reading, was effectual in training him with a decided love for books as a means of satisfying his thirst for knowledge.

He was introduced to the world of business at the early age of twelve years, by being placed in a counting-house, and he held successively various situations, until his marriage in 1831; by which means he acquired a pretty extensive acquaintance with mercantile affairs. His books, however, were not forgotten, and as a further means of self-improvement, at 18 years of age, in conjunction with several youths of similar age he formed a society for mutual improvement, which assembled weekly, for the purpose of reading essays on various subjects, and then entering upon a free discussion of their style, composition, arguments, &c. Here was the school in which he first exercised himself in the art of elocution.

Writing to a friend he states. "At this period, I formed a resolution,—to which I have ever since religiously adhered, never to advocate any opinions which I did not sincerely cherish, from a conviction of their soundness. I consider that a contrary course would lead to moral obliquity and systematic disregard of truth. I resolved at the same time to repudiate the doctrine of expediency, to discuss every question, on principle, and to determine the quality and character of all actions by their conformity with the requirements of truth and righteousness."

Having acquired confidence and fluency from his connection with the society referred to above, he began when about 20 years of age, to attend periodical meetings, held for the discussion of political, historical and other subjects, and also joined two literary institutions, in which there were classes for improvement in the art of public speaking. In one of those class meetings, he took a prominent part in the discussion of the question of Negro Emancipation, the debate lasting eleven nights.

From this time may be dated George Thompson's career as an Anti-Slavery advocate.

In 1831 he married Ann Erskine, daugter of the Rev. Richard Spry, a Congregational minister.

Shortly after his marriage he was invited, by the London Anti-Slavery Society to undertake a tour, for the purpose of bringing the objects of the Society before the public. In this labor he had to contend against large and powerful interests, but how signally the cause in which he labored has succeeded, the West India Islands and their history proclaim to all time.

He had resolved to qualify for practice at the English Bar, but relinquished the idea at the earnest request of the friends of the infant cause of Abolition, in the United States, and before entering upon the hazardous enterprise, he formed in London and many other places, societies for the universal examination of Slavery and the Slave Trade, and when this was done embarked with his wife and two children for New York. Here his fame had preceded him, and he was denied accommodation at the hotels of that city. His reception in the various cities is well remembered; yet disregarding the perils to which he was exposed he continued lecturing almost daily, until having fully awakened public attention to the enormities of the slave system, he returned to England in the early part of 1836.

His reception on his return was most flattering; all the leading philanthropists contributing to a substantial testimonial in honor of his services.

The final emancipation of the slaves was his next aim—the apprenticeship system which had intervened—having proved a remedy worse, if possible, than Slavery itself. His labor was eventually crowned with success in 1838.

British India was his next field of humane labors, and a society was formed which engaged George Thompson as the person most suited to the advocacy of the cause of the native against the monopoly [illegible] of the E. I. Co., and having visited India, and acquainted himself with the condition and necessities of that vast territory, he pursued with zeal the labor he had undertaken, opposing and condemning the Affghan war, and demanding justice for the injured Rajah of Sattara; he has so far succeeded as to obtain a majority in that Board, who at first doggedly refused to hear him, keeping them on one occasion, until 3 o'clock in the morning, with his appeals in behalf of the injured Rajah.

Lord Brougham at one of the meetings on the subject of India, testified his high opinion of George Thompson's oratory, himself one of the most distinguished orators of the age, by stating: I have always great pleasure in listening to Mr. Thompson, who is the most eloquent man, and the most accomplished orator whom I know; and as I have no opportunity of hearing him, where he ought to speak, inside the walls of Parliament, I am anxious never to lose an opportunity of hearing him, where alone I can hear him in a public meeting like the present."

At the General Parliamentary Election in 1847 the electors of the Tower Hamlets, a district perhaps more populous than any in all Britain, invited George Thompson to become their representative, the two ex-members, both of the same shade of politics with Mr. T., being candidates for re-election. The rigid course of public personal inquiry, and Thompson's prompt and satisfactory replies, showing him to be fully up to the mark of the time's necessities, and true on every question affecting the people and their rights and interests, so fully satisfied the immense mass of mind composing the constituency, that George Thompson was declared elected by a most unparalleled majority; and it is a fact of great value in estimating that majority, that while the committees of the other candidates were quartered at the Public Houses, at which the usual *refreshment* bills could of course be made, the committees for George Thompson were at the Reading Rooms, from which the seductions of a gratified though disordered appetite were carefully excluded.

During the contest, the questions agitated and defended by Mr. Thompson were, (together with local improvements demanded by the people of the monied interest,) free education for all, as leading to an appreciation of and more universal demand for homes for all without dependence upon the will of a stranger "*owner.*" Remunerative labor for all. Religious Liberty for all,—saying "He would dispense with State made Bishops altogether; their Creator could make them and the flock over whom they presided, must elect them."

The abolition of the Death Penalty be advocated zealously, and Justice to Ireland, claiming that the tiller of the soil alone, should own the soil. That Ireland and India were alike the victims of a non resident proprietary, whose only care was for the rent, without any regard to the manner of its coming so that it be paid.

In all his life George Thompson has been consistent, and as his second visit to the United States proves, disregards personal insult and indignity, hoping ever to advance the right, which though "perfection" be shown imperfect, must in the end prevail.

H. L. D.

LYNCHING OF MR. MATHEWS.

WE copy from the *American Baptist* the following narrative related by the sufferer of an outrage in Kentucky, some brief account of which has already been published:

Mr. Mathews had visited the village of Richmond, Madison county, with a view to lecture on the moral and religious condition of the slaves; but failed after applying to three or four different churches, of obtaining a house for that purpose. On Sunday evening Febuary 16, he preached, by invitation, to the colored congregation; after which he was assailed by a mob, and, with some personal indignities, but no serious injury, driven from the town. Proceeding to the residence of Cassius M. Clay, at Whitehall, he prepared for the *Chronicle*, a newspaper published at Richmond, a statement in relation to the doings of the mob, with which he left for Foxtown on the morning of the 18th, as stated in beginning of the letter below.

Bryantville, February 20 1851.

Dear Br. Walker: My communication to the *Chronicle*, of Richmond, was placed in an envelope by Mr. Cassius M. Clay, together with a letter written by himself to the editor. On arriving at Foxtown, I found that I was a minute too late for the

stage. As it was only six miles to Richmond, and as I was anxious that the communication should appear in the next number, I concluded to walk to Richmond. Arrived there, I called at the *Chronicle* office, handed to the editor, pro tem., the communications, requested him to send his next number to the *American Baptist*, passed down the street, and, that my stay might be brief, called into a store, and obtained a few apples as a substitute for dinner. I now pursued my way to the Big Hill, thinking that the information I had gained previously, (that the public feeling had not sustained the mob,) was correct. Reflecting on these things, I concluded that my passing through the village would prove salutary rather than otherwise.

When nearly a mile from town, I was overtaken by four men, riding on horses, one, the bar-tender at Webster's Hotel; another, Mr. Turner, who was dressed in a drab coat; another, a slim built man, who wore a round-topped hat, and a long coat; the other was of my own height, dressed respectably and wore whiskers. They inquired of me "Where now?" I replied that having an appointment at Big Hill, I was going to fulfil it. They placed their hands within their vests, and said, "If you make the least outcery or resistance you shall *die instantly*. You must go with us; we will put you in the road to Lancaster." "Now," said they "did you not agree not to come back to Richmond?" I told them that I made no such agreement; if they supposed so they must have entirely misunderstood me; and that now I had simply passed through the village, on the way to my appointment. We passed one house, but knowing it was useless to attempt to run into it, I proceeded with them. We turned from the main road through another gate, crossed a field, entered a lane, turned to the right and finally descended into a valley through which runs a very small creek, and where we were in sight of an out-house, which I understood them to say belonged to Mr. Bronston.—They then hitched their horses to the fence, and the bar tender of Webster's Hotel, seizing my arms, brought them behind me and bound them together with a horse-bridle. They arranged themselves in front of me, and inquired, "Are you an Abolitionist?" I stated that I did not believe the slaves ought to rise and resist their masters, but that I believed in emancipating them, and that I was laboring to bring the moral power of the church to bear against Slavery. They took a handkerchief, folded it, and bandaged my eyes. Supposing I was about to die, I began to pray aloud; but this drew from them oaths and threats. They then seemed to waiting for some one to bring some tar and feathers; but the person they expected not coming, they consulted what should be done with me. One thought he could obtain some tar and feathers by being absent a little while. They asked me if I had not said, in Richmond, that it was right for slaves to run away, and that I would help them. I told them that I had not. "Did you not," said they, "tell the Methodist minister that slaves could not get to heaven, if they did not run away from Slavery?" I told them I did not. After farther questions, they consulted whether I should be whipped, tarred and feathered, ducked, or hanged. At last they decided to duck me. We had to go some distance to a pond. The bandage from my eyes was taken off, but my hands were still bound. Having to go over some fences, it afforded them sport to see me go over them bound. In some cases they would take off a rail or two, and in one case assisted me.

Arrived at the pond, Mr. Turner the owner of the farm, came up. "Here," said they, "we have found this man stealing your hogs." He seemed to understand their object. I now asked that I might be allowed to take off my two coats and place my Bible, watch, and pocket-book in the pocket of my overcoat. To this they consented. They asked me if I could swim; I told them I could, but I did not know that I could with my clothes on. One of them said, a stone ought to be tied to me, that I might sink to the bottom. They brought me to the edge of the water. The bar-tender on my left, and Mr. Turner on my right, seized and flung me as far as they could into the pond. Before rising to the surface, I swallowed considerable water, and nearly lost my breath. When I approached the shore, as near as where the water was waist high, I paused to gain breath. They commanded me to come to shore instantly. I implored them to allow me to gain breath But they reiterated, "Come out instantly." As soon as I reached the shore, they took me and threw me in again, head first. On my reaching the shore, they threw me in the third time. On coming out, they required me to promise never to come to Richmond, or into Madison County any more. I declined promising, and they threw me in the fourth time and they threw me in the fifth time. On coming to the shore, they again required me to make the promise; I refused, and they determined to whip me They led me round to a tree, and tied up my arms as they tie up slaves when they flog them. They tied a bandage round my eyes, so tight as to pain them exceedingly. But finally they concluded to duck me again. They led me along, when, patting up my hand, I pulled off the bandage, and found Turner leading me to the pond.—He blamed me for pulling off the bandage. They threw me (as before) into the pond the sixth time. I still refused to promise. Another set of hands took hold, and threw me in the seventh time. I refused to promise.—They threw me in the eighth time. I refused to promise. They threw me in the ninth time. I refused to promise. They threw me in the tenth time and I refused to promise. They now resolved to whip me. As I approached the shore, I found all the powers of nature giving away. I thought of my intention, in coming into Kentucky to leave if they would not hear me lecture. I thought also of the vast amount of work yet to be done in the free States; and that, if I lived, I could tell the free States of this treatment: and I believed it would do good to make it known. So, halting in the pond with what of life there was in me promised to leave Kentucky and never return. The bar-tender said, "Do you swear, so help your God, you will leave Kentucky and never return?" I replied, I solemnly affirm, I will leave and not return. They then assured me that I should have men to watch me to the borders of the State; that if I attempted to go to Cassius M. Clay's or on the Richmond pike to Lexington, I should be killed, —spies would be out to watch; that I must go by Lancaster, and there take the stage for Lexington; and if I ever returned to the State, they would hang me wherever they could find me, or even if I told how I had been treated before leaving the State;—that I must take the Lancaster stage the next morning for Lexington. I can add no more now, as I wish to take the stage for Lexington.

Madison, Ind., Febuary. 22, 1851.

I resume the subject of my treatment by the lynchers. After exacting the promise to leave the State by way of Lancaster, they told me I might change my dress. I made an effort to unlock my carpet-bag, but shook so much with the cold that I was unable to do so, and one of the lynchers opened it for me. They seemed to regard my articles in the carpet-bag as quite as much under their control as their own property, stating that they wanted my Anti-Slavery tracts, papers, &c. I put on dry socks, drawers, flannel, and cotton shirt. During this time it being in the open air, and the 18th of Febuary, I was very cold, and felt cramping pains in my legs. Having no change of pantaloons, I had to put on the wet ones which I had just taken off. My vest I placed in a handkerchief, with the remainder of my wet clothes. They now required the Anti-Slavery books. I handed out a bundle of "Politics and the Pulpit," "Wesley's Thoughts on Slavery," Lewis Tappan on the Unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill," and the "Liberty Minstrel." One of them opened the latter, and began to read,

"Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamps, dank and lone."

As I thought that stealing a few books could add but little to the blackness of their guilt, I told them they might have the books—I would give them to them. They thought the Liberty Minstrel, being nicely bound, ought to be paid for. I told them I wanted nothing for it,—they might keep it.

Finding that they determined to pay for it, and fearing it might add to my sufferings if I made the issue that I would not receive the money, I received fifty cents for it, simply as the safest course for myself under the circumstances. One of them called it a fair trade. Ah, thought I, if it facilitates my escape from your hands. They inquired if it was a cold day when I was baptized, and whether I ever had such a baptizing before,—and many other things in ridicule of my religious faith.

They enquired what was thought by different persons of the treatment I received on Sunday night. "Now," said they, "had you come to Richmond, and pursued the same course as other ministers, you would have been treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality." I told them the manner in which I had been treated that day would add no sorrow to my dying hour. I had not expressed my views in Richmond, in regard to the right of slaves to run away. I had however, last year, in the State of New York, reported a speech made by Br. Glen, in which he showed that as persons could serve God better in freedom than in Slavery every slave was morally bound to run away. I had stated that the argument was conclusive. This was published in the American Baptist, and had been seen by the Richmond Methodist minister. Hence they charged me with saying to him, that slaves could not get to Heaven unless they should run away. I found that they had received a communication from Mayslick, saying that I had been threatened with lynching there. The bar-tender now took out a pair of scissors, and cut off a lock of my hair to send to the Editor of the American Baptist. We now repaired to the Lancaster road, and the lynchers on horseback, rode to Richmond, while I, on foot, carrying my wet clothes and carpet-bag, started for Lancaster —a dirty road of 22 miles, muddy and crossed by creeks. I now had fellowship with the slaves in their sufferings more closely than ever before. The lynchers had forbidden me to have a night's rest before reaching Lancaster. I walked about five miles over a muddy road. I was now weary, faint, hungry, and part of my clothes wet. Besides, the road forked and it was too dark for me to read the direction.—To lie down in the fields would probably ruin my health. To ask protection of slave-holders was, from my situation, to become the object of suspicion. But it was the best alternative. I approached a house, and asked if I could obtain supper. This was cordially granted. I then stated my case and treatment. The slaveholder, Mr. M., said "If I thought you had come to steal one of my niggers, I should immediately shoot you." He then dwelt on the benefits of colonization while I dried my pantaloons at his fire. I told him my future health would depend on my having the privilege of staying all night, and inquired if I might do so. He consented to it. That kind act of his in all probability, prevented me from taking a cold from which I never could have recovered. A fire was lighted in my bed-room, and, I sat up till midnight with his son, drying my clothes. The latter sympathised with me in my trial. I lay down, but that night slept not a minute. The next morning I started at 5 o'clock. I was unsuccessful as on the previous evening in hiring a horse. I walked four miles, crossing a creek by moonlight on a dam, which was somewhat dangerous. I breakfasted at a tavern, walked two miles farther, and for $1.50 hired a horse and boy to go to Lancaster. I had now travelled 22 miles, and was ten miles farther from Lexington than when at Richmond. I was still in danger, for I had told of the treatment I had received before leaving the State. I now hired another horse, and the tavern-keeper sent his slave on another, to take the horse back from Bryantsville. I began now to feel somewhat secure. But the mail carriers came, inquired me out and made it known that I had been lynched. The tavern keeper at Bryantsville was a Baptist slaveholder, and I told him I thought I would go on towards Lexington. His son persuaded me to stay. The next morning the stage came; the passengers were all duly informed. The inside was filled. I took my seat on the outside, the rain falling in torrents. The company cracked their jokes upon me, singing hymns, swore, drank, and denounced the Emancipationist. Arrived at Lexington, I found that some of my Richmond enemies were looking out for me. I walked down to the railroad office, dried my clothes, and that evening reached Frankfort. I found I was still watched.—The next day I came on to Madison, and felt how good it was to land in a free State. Last Sunday, Febuary. 23, preached three times to the colored Baptist church in this place.

Yours for the slave.

EDWARD MATHEWS.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1851.

THE FREE SOILERS AND THE ABOMINABLE BILL.

A Mass Convention of the Citizens of Massachusetts opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law is called for the Tuesday of next week in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, for the purpose of consulting together and devising the best means of "adopting such measures, *within the* ment we are glad to see, although it is rather late in the day. We cannot but think that the delay has produced the effect which it was designed to guard against, —we mean the non-election of Mr. Sumner as Senator. At we believe that his political friends, (of whom we apprehend this Convention is to be composed, although the Call invites the attendance of opponents of the Bill, without distinction of party,) have fatally mistaken their game in embracing quietism at a crisis when agitation was the one thing needful. Had they adopted a bold policy instead of a timid one, it is our belief that Mr. Sumner would have had his credentials in his pocket weeks ago. But this was not to be accomplished by lying *perdue*, expecting to catch Whig weazles asleep or to drop a fortunate pinch of salt on the tails of Democratic Sparrows. The agitation of the country acting upon the legislature was the only hope and way of success. We think this is proved by the fact that they came nearer attaining their object at the trial made in the midst of the Rescue excitement than at any other, — to the extreme surprise and disappointment of the Webster Whigs and Democrats. But this is no particular concern of ours. The Free Soilers have, and probably will, take their own way without regarding our advice. Only we shall continue to think that we who have been looking over their shoulder saw better than they how they should have played their hand, and that the turn of the game has proved it.

When we say we are glad of this Movement, we do not mean that we are so because we expect any material result from it. But any kind of demonstration of opposition to the Law is a good thing and we will make the most of it. We wish also to understand precisely what our Free Soil friends propose to do,—the extent of the Reformation at which they aim. We think this has been hardly made distinct enough yet. We apprehend that they intend to define their position next Tuesday. By the terms of the Call as italicized by us, it will be seen that those of our own particular stripe are excluded from it. It is said that some of the signatures appended to it could not be procured, except upon this condition precedent. Of this we have no particular complaint to make. We are content that all dissentients from the Law should propose their own remedy in their own way. We do not wish to intermeddle in the concoction of the medicine or in the choice of the vehicle which is to carry it down. But we shall make bold to criticize the one and the other when the recipe is published, and to watch the course of the treatment with all the attention of which we are capable. We may not have the highest opinion of the fitness of men who are afraid of sitting by the side of Mr. Garrison or Mr. Phillips to encounter the armies of the aliens they will have to overthrow before they can repeal or even modify the Fugitive Slave Law. But we can have no objection to their trying their hand at it, if they think either is a desirable thing to do.

We have the less objection to the form in which this Call is cast and the shape which this demonstration is made to take, because it will make more plain for all people to see the distinction between us and the Free Soilers. We are as willing as they are desirous that there should be no possibility of mistaking the one for the other. We believe we have not been wanting on our part in making the lines of demarcation as broad and obvious as we knew how. They on their side have shown no wish to be mixed up with us. We hope they will make their doctrine and discipline so clear as to leave their enemies no occasion of turning our thunder against them. We cannot promise them success, indeed. As long as they choose to molest the peace and quiet of the nation, however guardedly and constitutionally, they must expect to have those epithets bestowed upon them which we flatter ourselves we have deserved and made respectable. Any malignancy will be sure to be christened by the name of Disunion.—They must be very sorry dogs indeed if they cannot provoke their enemies to give them that ill name. This has been the chief weapon of the warfare upon Mr. Sumner The affirmation, or the inference, that he is a Disunionist has been the moving power of the machinery that has been brought to bear upon him. The Commonwealth of last Monday contains a leader, a large part of which is devoted to the vindication of Mr. Sumner from this charge. It does us the justice to say that we have never claimed him as one of ourselves It says, "Everybody knows that they (the Disunion Abolitionists) esteem Mr. Sumner and his political friends, though honest and well principled, as vastly deficient in the essentials of Anti-Slavery opposition—and why? *Because they will stick to the Law, and the Constitution, and the Union.*" That is precisely the difference. *We* attack Slavery wherever we find it—in the Capitol or in the Church—whether entrenched behind Constitutions or Communion tables. *They* would limit its jurisdiction within the boundaries laid down, by the Constitution We propose to ourselves utterly to exorcise the wicked spirit, and send him howling back to the bottomless pit. They, if we do not misunderstand them, have no public quarrel with him, provided he keep himself within the parchment circle described for him by the necromancers of 1787.

The distinction between the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Free Soil party, we conceive to be this: The first recognize no right of the master to his slave anywhere, either on the plantation or after he has escaped to the North, and consequently deny the validity of any Constitution, or law under it, securing either his original property in the slave, or his right of recovering him, after escape. The latter does not deny the Constitutional obligations to protect the master in his slave-property and to provide for its restoration, if it have flown away; but insists that it shall be done decently and in order and with such prudent care as shall guard against any mistake. The Free Soilers have never affirmed, that we know of, that the Southern Shylocks should not have their pound of flesh, provided it was carved out exactly, nor less nor more, according to law. While the Abolitionists deny the validity of the law *ab initio*, and maintain that no circumstances can be imagined in which it would be less a crime than now. The quarrel of the Free Soilers with the Fugitive Law is not, we take it, with its *principle*, but with its *details*. We suppose that a law could be devised, had they the framing of it, which they would be willing should be enforced. If they do not mean this, we do not understand what they mean by their professed intention of sticking "to the law, the Constitution and the Union." It is not their avowed ground, that a law is not to be passed and obeyed, which shall provide for the restoration of fugitive slaves; but that this specific law is vicious because it endangers those who are not fugitive slaves,—that there is not sufficient care taken to protect the really free. Now we think it no worse to enslave a free man, whether white or black, than to hold a negro slave originally, and no worse to make a mistake, real or pretended, in the identity of the man claimed, than it is to send him back upon the most irrefragable evidence of his former condition. *Their* objection to the Law is that it may make a Free Man a Slave; *ours* is that it makes a *Man* a Slave, and it is all the stronger in the case of one who has rescued himself from that horrible pit.

For our own part, we have no particular desire to see the present Law repealed or modified. If slaves are to be recaptured and carried back, the worse the law is that regulates it the better we like it. What we preach is, not Repeal, not Modification, but Disobedience. We are content with the existing law, provided we can persuade the people not to suffer it to be executed. We think it much better than one which would avoid the common objections to it. If the liberty of any man is to be endangered by Constitutional legislation, in God's name let it be the free and not the slave! The free man has had at least a portion of his good things in this life, and his chance of deliverance or of escape is comparatively good. But what hope is there for the flying wretch who is seized and delivered again to his tormentors? We had as lief see the richest merchant in New York (especially if he [illegible] Slave, (especially if he had baptised and blessed the Bill of Abominations) we had as lief see either of them made slaves of as the humblest negro that has escaped from his prison-house. His former condition is no reason whatever for his being returned to it, against his will, but the strongest possible why he should not be. If we are to have a Slavecatching law, it cannot be too bad a one. The worse it is the better the hope that its execution will be evaded. God save us and the fugitive slave from a law which will content the North! That will be indeed the invention of the devil, whether he take the Shape of Free Soil or of Slavery. Give us a law so flagrant in its wickedness that no mental sight can be so dull as not to perceive it! So imperfect in its details as to make every man tremble for his own safety and that of his children!

We cannot wish the Convention of next Tuesday success in the avowed object of their Assembly. But we have no apprehensions of their success in that direction. The good that will be done will be aside from the purposes proclaimed in the Call. Our hope in the Convention, as in the Free Soilers themselves, is, that its action will be better than its professions,—that its heart will be truer than its logic.—E. Q.

BOSTON FOUND INNOCENT AND SENTENCED.

We have seen somewhere lately a story of an accommodating and merciful Judge living in Illinois, when Illinois was almost a wilderness, who never forgot that the prisoner before him was his neighbor, perhaps his friend, and that the Justice on the Bench might be called upon to answer behind the Court House for what had been done or said within it. On one occasion this considerate personage assured an unfortunate man arraigned for and found guilty of murder, that it was not the Judge but the Jury that convicted, and that the prisoner might choose his own time, for undergoing the final ceremony of having his neck broken; and the soft-hearted Judge intimated to the counsel who reminded him of the propriety of passing sentence, that it was hard enough to submit to being hanged without being solemnly twitted of the fact beforehand.

The ends of justice probably would not be answered if the example of this Western functionary should grow into a precedent; but as few things are of unmixed evil so some good may be found even in conduct so wanting in the dignity of the Bench. At any rate, the severity of judgment may be tempered with mercy, and the convicted criminal may possibly be won to meet repentance by gentle rebuke rather than by harsh upbraidings.

The Hon. Daniel Webster is,—to say no more of him,—at least, what young ladies call a very refreshing, and ladies somewhat older a very suggestive person for there is nobody in the country who is so constantly presenting some new phase of character, who has so made of himself a sort of self-moving, moral Kaliedescope, which at every turn shows itself to be something totally different from what it appeared a moment before. There are a great many people very grateful to Mr Webster for a great many things, and necessarily so as there is no class whose idea at some time he has not represented; but even the most ungrateful of us may thank him that he keeps our curiosity and interest in him always alive. We hardly know what the country could do without him, for he is almost the only national amusement—except hunting negroes—that America can boast. He has become in this respect as national as Punch and Judy in England, and may have something of the same sort of immortality as that renowned pair. He is quite deserving of all the Boston and New York merchants give him, and so persuaded are we of this that we are not quite sure that we might not have given our mite towards purchasing the carriage which some young shopkeepers in this city sent him not long since.

We are wandering from our text, however, which was merely to contrast the conduct of the Illinois Judge with that of Mr. Webster towards that poor devil of a Boston who has been put upon its trial before the country. True she was found, as an individual city, quite guiltless of any offence, even in thought, against his majesty, the King of the South, and ought therefore to have been dismissed by the Court at least honorably. But the King's prime minister,—so, literally and metaphorically—was not satisfied thus to part with the supposed culprit If she had committed no crime, there is a crime which she *might* have committed, and the heinousness of that wrong and the great guilt of Boston if she ever *should* be betrayed into it, it was proper, the Court thought, to set forth in their true light. How unlike our Illinois Judge! He could not deliver the awful sentence of death upon the wretched criminal found guilty of a capital crime. But Mr. Webster dismisses the prisoner after portraying, in the most solemn manner the dreadful character of the crime she had *not* committed, and recapitulates the awful consequences which would follow, if she ever should commit it, reminding her that in that case, the only prayer left for her will be that "God Almighty may have mercy on her soul."

As Boston, however, was abject enough to creep to the foot of the throne to crave forgiveness for a crime she never committed, she gets from the Secretary of State no more than she deserves. The following is his letter, published in the Boston papers of Friday last, to the Mayor of that city:

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1851.

Hon. JOHN P. BIGELOW, *Mayor of Boston:*

SIR—The President has had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 26th February, inclosing official copies of the order and resolves lately adopted by the two branches of the Government of the City of Boston.

It affords him great satisfaction to perceive that such measures have been taken by the authorities of Boston as give assurance that no other outrage similar to that which was, he presumes, the immediate cause of their adoption, will be permitted to take place in your city.

From his earliest youth he has been accustomed to regard with the greatest respect and veneration the city of Boston and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

He has been taught to believe that the intelligent inhabitants were entitled to the duty of Christians towards certain of the were, almost above all others, the friends and oppressed that might be among us, when good government; intelligent to appreciate the advantages of free institutions of their own choice and capable of understanding and resolving that great political problem, of the compatability of freedom with order, of liberty distinguished from licentiousness, and of self-government the farthest removed from the dangers of anarchy; that they were especially devoted to the Union of the States and to the Constitution established and still maintains that Union; and that their patriotism would never fail to counsel them to fulfill all their obligations under the Constitution, justly and fully, and in the very spirit in which such obligations were entered into by their renowned ancestors.

Entertaining these sentiments, it was difficult for the President to credit the accounts which were received, of the outrage on all law, perpetrated in Boston, on the 15th of February last.

That a prisoner in lawful custody, within the walls of the Court House, in the centre of the city, and in full sight of the officers of all the municipal authorities, had been, at noon day, forcibly rescued, by a mob of one or two hundred persons, from the officers of the law, carried out of the building, and through the public streets, in a sort of triumph, and enabled to escape altogether, without an attempt on the part of any of the authorities, or any of the citizens, to preserve order and maintain the law, or to pursue and retake the fugitive, was a statement that seemed to him too improbable to be true.

It was with a feeling of great relief that he received such explanations of this strange occurrence, as showed it to have been an entire surprise upon the citizens, and upon the authorities; an act of successful temerity, on the part of a very inconsiderable number of persons, which only needed to have been apprehended the shortest time beforehand, to have been prevented.

The President is confident that the great majority of the citizens of Boston are entirely loyal to the Constitution; that they view with just indignation all such outrages, and all attempts, whether by writing or speaking, to incite the ignorant and unthinking to such acts of violence; and that they are ready to discharge the duties incumbent on them, by the Constitution and laws of the United States, faithfully and fearlessly, under all circumstances, whenever called upon by the proper authorities.

The occurrence of the 15th February is certainly greatly to be regretted, as it gives occasion to those not unwilling to seize upon it to question the disposition of your fellow citizens to comply with their constitutional obligations [illegible] such an outrage is spread far and wide, reaches where an explanation of it may never follow, and creates ill feeling [illegible] those only connection with it is perpetrated. But if, as the President doubts not it will, this event shall arouse the attention of all good citizens to a sense of the dangers to be apprehended from the inculcation of such doctrines as have been spread abroad in the country, tending to shake the authority of all law, to unsettle society, and to absolve men from all civil and moral obligations; and shall put them on their guard against the further diffusion of such pernicious sentiments, it may, in the end, be productive of happy results; and, certainly, the most unanimous expression of indignation which it called forth among your citizens, balances, to some extent, the ill effect flowing from it.

The President does not doubt that the people of Massachusetts perfectly well understand the difference between the freest discussion of political measures, and opposition to the legal enactments already made and established. He is quite sure that they regard the law of the land not in sentiment, or an opinion; but as a rule of conduct prescribed by the general authority, and which all are bound to obey, at the risk of the penalties attached to its violation.

The President directs me to tender you his thanks for the transmission of the resolutions.

I remain, Mr. Mayor, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

OHIO ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Both branches of the Ohio Legislature have passed Resolutions condemning the Bloodhound Law and demanding its modification or repeal. The *Journal of Commerce*, we have been glad to observe, has within a few days past been mourning over it as a melancholy and solemn fact, that the catching of runaway slaves if held to be a duty at all is recognized only as a very disagreeable one, and to be got rid of as soon as possible, by a vast number of Northern people; but the editor of that infamous sheet—and imbecile as to ability as it is infamous in character—has comforted itself with the hope that Ohio would be sure to prove herself true to the Compromises and would reject any Resolutions which like those following show a disposition in her people not to hunt down and return to bondage the poor creatures who have once escaped from it. It is a good omen when the slave-hunters are compelled to comfort themselves with the hope that public sentiment will bye-and-bye be embruted and debased down to their level, as that is a signification that there is still a recognizable public not yet sunk to their depth of degradation, and that even they know it.

These are the Ohio Legislative Resolutions:

Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That while this General Assembly would urge the faithful observance of law upon all the people of this State, and of her sister States of the Union, as the most effectual mode of promoting their best interests, as well as a high duty they owe alike to themselves and their common country, would most earnestly recommend to Congress the necessity of so amending and modifying the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law, that while it secures a faithful compliance with all the obligations imposed by the Constitution of the United States, it will, as it becomes a free Government, guard with a jealous care the rights of the freeman. And if said law, in the opinion of Congress, cannot be so amended as to give to persons claimed as fugitives from labor, the benefit of every legal defence of their liberty, we then recommend the repeal of said law.

Resolved, That the law, commonly called the Fugitive Slave Law, being a law that makes *ex-parte* evidence conclusive of the master's right to recapture and return his slave; that denies a jury trial *here or elsewhere*; that provides for the appointment of swarms of petty officers to excute it; that gives a double compensation to find every claim set up in favor of the master, and pays the expenses, in any case, from the Public Treasury—ought never to receive the voluntary cooperation of our people, and ought therefore to be immediately repealed.

CONFESSION UNDER TORTURE.

There are, we have no doubt, a great many good people who believe that the torturing of criminals for the purpose of extorting confession is a barbarism quite unknown, except as a historical fact, in this age of light and law. But we read nevertheless in the city papers this week, of a confession of some trifling infringement of prison rules having been made under the torture of the shower-bath by a prisoner at Sing Sing a few days since. This method of torture, which is of quite modern invention, is said not unfrequently to produce madness on those subjected to it. It is capable of producing very exquisite agony, as one may well conceive from this description of it in a morning paper:

—By the way, we may as well give a description of the prison bathing apparatus, as it is in some points essentially different from those in general use The person who is to undergo the operation is seated, and his legs, arms and head are firmly fastened with wooden clasps, so that he cannot get away from the water nor use his hands to break its force. The water falls about six feet and at the rate of about a barrel a minute, through a piece of iron pierced with quarter-inch holes. The officer inflicting the punishment lets on and shuts off the water by means of a cord attached to a valve. Since the lash was abolished, this mode of punishment has been found very efficacious.

Efficacious! no doubt of it. Was not the thumb-screw, and the iron-boot? and why should not the shower-bath be so also?

KIDNAPPING CHILDREN.—The *Pennsylvania Freeman* copies from a private letter to a gentleman in Philadelphia the following statement of the manner in which the Baltimore Shambles are supplied with young human flesh:

I board nearly opposite one of those dens so common in the South, a negro-market; the proprietor has a very fine front house, in the rear is a large building, about 100 feet long, every window strongly barred with iron, with a strong brick wall about 25 feet high; the scenes here are enough to melt a heart of stone But this is not the worst part of the picture. There is about 25 or more young men, or rowdies I ought to say, who make a practice of enticing away from Philadelphia, poor neglected little colored children, and bring them to this market; and, from outward appearances here, they take into Slavery more every year than all the Anti-Slavery Societies take from it. Oh, that I had more strength, I would gladly spend it to save these little negroes. Will not the friends of humanity do something for this class in Philadelphia. Cannot some one start in this matter?"

SINGULAR INDISCRETION.—The Rev. Mr. Furness of Philadelphia in the course of a sermon at the Church of the Messiah in this city on Sunday of last week alluded to the duty of Christians towards certain of the and oppressed that might be among us, when of the Congregation arose and left the house. We have not heard recently of a more singularly indiscreet act than such an attempt to preach the Gospel to a people who had been for years under the spiritual guidance of the Rev. Dr. Dewey.

Notices of New Books.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. *For February. Leonard Scott & Co.'s republication.*

There is no want of attraction in the present No. of this Quarterly to readers of all classes, much to challenge admiration, and something to provoke opposition. The advocate of Social Reform will turn with pleasure to the review of 'Alton Locke' and the 'Morning Chronicle' Letters, and the advocate of the Equal Rights of Woman to that on her social position, to be aroused sometimes to ridicule and sometimes to indignation at the cool contempt with which one half of humanity is visited. But beside these papers on controverted subjects are others of a historical, scientific or literary character, such as 'Rome and the Italian Revolution,' 'Neander,' 'Phillip Doddridge,' the 'Gold Mines,' and the 'Remains of Arthur H. Hallam.' To the very many in this country who are familiar with Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—and they are or ought to be all whom sorrow covers as a cloud—the latter article will possess a peculiar interest, as it is a biographical sketch of the friend in memory of whom Tennyson's volume was written. We learn from it, what many of our readers will like to know, that the fine poem which we published a few weeks since, entitled 'Timbuctoo,' was by young Hallam, and not by Tennyson, to whom it has been ascribed, having been published in an early volume of his poems.

BLACKWOOD FOR MARCH.

The regular reader will rejoice over a long chapter of Bulwer's novel, in the Dr.'s dawning happiness with in the restoration of his child. High Tory readers—and we have enough of them in this country—will rejoice still more in the papers on the 'Dangers of the Country,' and on 'The Ministry and the Agricultural Interests.' 'Lavengro,' Mr. Borrow's new work, is very properly and handsomely cut up as far as we have read it; from Mrs. Jameson's 'Legends of the Monastic Orders' the material is drawn for a very instructive and interesting article, and the apparently inexhaustible mine of Southey's Life and Correspondence is again worked for rich and entertaining matter. The wonder is not that Blackwood is popular, but how any body can do without it.

Communications.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

GEO. THOMPSON AT ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, March 15th, 1851.

To the Editor of the Standard.

DEAR SIR: In my last I gave you an account of the splendid reception of George Thompson at Rochester on his first appearance here before the Athenæum Association of that city.

On Thursday, 13th inst., pursuant to notice given, the Anti-Slavery Convention held its meetings at Rochester; the house was well filled at an early hour, though a small charge was made for admittance.

James Sperry, of Henrietta, was appointed to preside over the Convention.

Messrs. L. M. More and Mr. Jarvis were chosen Vice Presidents and Daniel Anthony was appointed Secretary.

The meeting was opened with remarks by the President. He was followed with a short speech from Lindley M. More. Frederick Douglass then spoke for a time upon the obstacles in the way of the Anti-Slavery cause; he spoke of the strong opposition arrayed against Freedom, and the heartlessness of the Clergy, the Press and the Politicians; the tyranny of the Government in the attempt to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, and the determination evident on the part of the Slave Power and its Northern abettors to crush the spirit of Liberty in the land. Mrs. Foster followed with some remarks upon the views of Mr. Douglass; she remarked that in all these things she saw encouragement, inasmuch as the Slave Power is at last before the people; the wrath of the slaveholder and his friends at the North is not now exercised against a few Abolitionists, but it is now striving against all there is of humanity and liberty in the land, and now the struggle is one for life or death. Though the clouds are dark, the storm will the sooner be over.

Mr. Thompson now appeared in the Hall, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. As it was so near the hour of adjournment, he declined speaking till the afternoon, and the Convention adjourned till that time.

At the commencement of the afternoon session, F. Douglass took up again the aggressions of Slavery; he alluded to the fact that in every conflict with the North the Slave Power had invariably conquered, and the North become weaker and weaker. He remarked that Freedom could never be established in this land till the Government was itself destroyed, till chaos came again, and then from the scattered elements a government could be formed which should be indeed a *free* government

Mrs. Foster remarked that as far as the U. States Government was concerned, it must be wholly abolished or entirely modified; speaking of the strength of the Slave Power, to-day, she granted that it looked dark; so it did in 1774, when the oppressions of the mother country were greater than at any previous time; and yet was not that very increase of oppression the cause of that resistance which overturned the oppressors' power and caused his dominion to cease? It was the *last* ounce that broke the loaded camel's back, and was not the "Fugitive Slave Law" well nigh the last ounce of aggression which the people of this land will bear? For herself, Mrs. F. added, she "saw light beyond this darkness, and thought the day of the slave's redemption was near."

The audience was very large, not less than twelve or thirteen hundred persons being present. By the way, I learn that the editor of the 'Rochester Daily Advertiser,' to whose infamous conduct I alluded in my last letter, has circulated through his paper a statement that but a very few people, say two or three hundred at most, had attended the meetings of Mr. Thompson and of the Anti-Slavery Convention in Rochester. This fellow is decidedly the coolest liar I have ever known. From the first lecture, of which I gave you a fair account, to the last meeting of the Convention, the Corinthian Hall was filled, and most of the time *crowded*, by the best and most intelligent audiences I have ever seen, who not only came, but paid a fee also to attend the meetings, and Hunkerdom in various places is grasping greedily at the falsehoods of this poor wretch, and tries to believe that the people have no interest in the discussion of the Slavery question! and that the first orator of the age does not, at every step of his progress, bring out to hear and admire not only himself, but the truths he preaches; thousands and tens of thousands of the best and purest of the men and women of this land. Poor Hunkerdom looks with white face into the frightened countenance of the hireling priesthood, and they say to each other, in piteous tones, as the old rebel said in Noah's day, "You don't think it's going to be much of a shower now, do you?" Meanwhile the heavens are growing blacker and the earth is quaking under their feet. We would advise the Editor above mentioned to go by all means to the World's Fair. As a specimen of an *American Newspaper Liar*, he might be safely backed to any amount against any other specimen of a liar, Jew or Greek, Christian, Infidel, Barbarian or Scythian, which could be produced on that occasion.

At the close of the remarks of Mrs. Foster, George Thompson took the floor, amid the plaudits of the assembly. He remarked that he was often asked the question, "What have you to do with the subject of American Slavery?" Excepting its *guilt*, I have everything to do with it. It was a human question before it was an American one, the question was a moral one millions of ages before the continent of America was discovered. It was a question of right and wrong involving eternal principles before a single Slave clanked his fetters over the free soil of America, and every man and woman on earth have something to do with the matter of human Slavery. It is a crime against the race, as well as against our universal Father—God! Can America make that a *local* question which involves within itself the main principles of the government of God? can she roll back the tide of moral laws and influences which God from eternity has set in motion? Can America isolate herself in her guilt from the moral universe? Till she can do this, she cannot make Slavery an *American* question exclusively, or say to any one of the human race "be silent upon this subject."

I ask not of the oppressor leave to be here; I ask it not of the heartless scheming politician; I ask it not of the priest who sells men's souls for power and gold. I am here by virtue of my rights as a MAN! I am here to fulfil my duty to my fellow men, and to God! I am here by invitation of three millions of my wronged and oppressed fellow men, all speechless as they are; they are all eloquent in tears and groans and blood, and by these, by their silent nature as men, by these darkened souls and lacerated forms, I am urged to speak for them and plead their cause with the people of America, and with the world. You have cast the slave upon the sympathies of the world, upon the pity of the universe! and when the legislation of the land is in league with the Slave power of the land, and both sustained by a sordid priesthood and time-serving church, in utterly crushing the slave, you need not wonder that the men and women of other lands take up the cause of the outcast bondman, and demand his rights and plead his cause before the world upon the broad ground of humanity. Yet you as a people make a great ado about Liberty. You like Freedom very well for yourselves; and at times the statesmen of your country are very eloquent upon the subject of liberty; lately, in the Congress of the U. States, a proposition has been made to send a vessel to bring your shores the noble Kossuth; this is right; but remember in the same Congress it has been proposed to send vessels freighted with the hunted and despised children of America—hunted and despised not for crime, but for the color and form which God gave them—to the inhospitable shores of Africa, and this not from any motive to give them a chance to live even in that land of fever, miasma and death, but solely and simply to make the slave property of the South more valuable and secure, for this is the motive often and fearlessly avowed! and the eyes of an indignant world may see sailing side by side the ship which goes to bring to your shores the hero of Hungarian liberty, the noble Kossuth, and the ship which bears to a foreign clime the wronged and expatriated citizens of the American Republic! Can you think for a moment that the eyes of all Europe are blinded to your hypocrisy? or that the philanthropy of the world does not despise you and indignantly refuse to recognize your pretensions to a love of human liberty? They see you as you are, and hold you to be the hypocrites you are; and in your expressed sympathy for the suffering heroes of other lands they see that disgusting sight of a nation of oppressors rebuking a far less oppression on the part of far less guilty lands.

Much has been said, in years past, of the cruelties of the African Slave Trade, upon the horrors of the Middle Passage and the scenes upon the African coast, and you have shuddered at it. Look at the South! it is all there; the evils and characteristics of Slavery are alike under all circumstances; they are seen in broken hearts and in severed family ties. Is there weeping and wailing in the slave ship? it is at the South also. Is there blood flowing from the lash? it flows night and day at the South! What Southern breeze blows over us which does not bring the groans and cries of the poor down-trodden slave! Who shall compass the meanness of this guilt! who shall tell the sum of the ini

the great and good men she has nourished; I love her for her resistance to the tyranny of the land from which I came, in days gone by; I hate nothing here but Slavery, and that is *unworthy of America!*

If I hated America, think you I would reprove her thus? No, I would say to her "let Slavery flourish," for I should know then that Freedom would die, and that the nation would soon be blotted out from among the nations of the earth. If I hated America, think you that I should hourly peril my life to pluck from her heart the arrow which is drinking up her life blood? I will tell you who is the enemy of America: it is the *selfish politician* who cares not for the ruin of a noble people, if his desire of place and hope of promotion can be gratified at the expense of a nation's honor, and by the sacrifice of all which ennobles a nation and which alone can save it from decay, viz., the recognition and practice of the principles of justice and humanity.

He is an enemy of America who, standing as a Priest and Minister of God, trifles with his solemn obligations and lends the aid of his high office to the cause of oppression. And last, but not least, the enemy of America is the VENAL EDITOR, the reptile who, among men, is tracked only by the slime he leaves in his dark and polluted path! who stops at no calumny or falsehood, that he may please a slaveholding administration, and hopes, by fawning, to gain its notice and receive some paltry office for his utter renunciation of all that might mark him a MAN! Such you have among you; *watch them well*; for it is of them you should be afraid; they are the men who ruin nations, and they flourish abundantly here in America! (Great applause.)

And it is such wretches as these, who publish such papers as these (holding up the 'Rochester Advertiser'), who deny to me, a stranger, the right of free speech, and who have the insolence to attempt to prevent you, the citizens of this country, the citizens of Rochester, from hearing whom you please to hear, upon any subject you may please to discuss in your own city! and these gentlemen call for a mob to receive me. Look sharp after those who invoke the mob, the monster mob which denies me free speech, who would taste my blood to-night, will breakfast on you to-morrow morning. The freedom of speech which I ask to-day, you may need to-morrow, and it is a dangerous thing to tamper with one human right, and more dangerous to make that right dependent upon the will of a mob.

You say it is a *question of Politics*. I did not make it so; it was a question of humanity before it was a question of politics, and because its political relations may make it a matter of some importance to some gentleman in the next street, who expects or hopes to be returned to Congress, shall I hold my peace upon the rights and wrongs of three millions of my fellow men? Can I hold my peace and not become guilty before God for my neglect to defend those defenceless, robbed and hunted children of His? It is not sufficient to tell me 'it is a political question.' I shall do my duty to humanity, whatever the consequences may be.

If I go to an English audience with this question of Slavery, they are not angry, for they know I am right upon it; if I were to take this question to Heaven, there would be no mob raised there; there are no "Advertisers" there (laughter). No, it is only in free, Christian Republican America that the discussion of the inalienable rights of man justifies recourse to mob violence! Show me a man who hates the truth, and I will show you the veriest slave on earth, for he dares not investigate and receive that which is necessary to his happiness and that of his race. Show me the man who loves truth, and, though a ton of iron is on his limbs in the shape of shackles, yet is he a free man in soul, and worthy to live in the creation of a God of truth and freedom!

—The above is a faint sketch only of one of the most powerful speeches probably ever uttered by man. The colossal proportions of the sin of Slavery were portrayed with startling power, and the minds of the listeners were deeply impressed by the grand and awful imagery with which he surrounded the subject; he seemed to look into eternity, and to feel borne down by the visions of the guilt which men contract day by day, with perfect indifference to the fact, that for these outrages upon the right and interests of their fellow men God will hold them responsible.

Mr. George W. Clark, the author of the "Liberty Minstrel," then sang a beautiful song.

Mr. Foster made some remarks upon the general subject of Slavery; and, something being said about "Springfield," Mr. Thompson rose and gave the audience an amusing account of the mob at Springfield, and of the efforts of Homer Foot & Co. to get up a mob and then to back out from the responsibility thereof; he then alluded to the article in the 'Rochester Advertiser' of that day, which, with a great parade of words, announced that he, the editor, had sent to Springfield to get from the editors of the 'Springfield Republican' information as to the fact whether Mr. Thompson *did* say, at Springfield aforesaid, that "There is not a rood of earth on the globe which is not more sanctified to the spirit of Liberty than the soil of America;" and having got the testimony of that holy "Deacon Bowles," who had suffered his paper to be the vehicle, for weeks, of the grossest slanders against an innocent man, and having got also the testimony of that yelping cur, the junior editor of the 'Springfield Republican,' who will be a deacon in time if he lives to come to years of discretion—having, I say, got the testimony of the old hypocrite and the young slanderer to the fact of Mr. Thompson's having said the above thing in regard to Christian and Republican America, he announced to the people of Rochester that he had "pinned Mr. Thompson to the wall, &c. &c. &c." Now, the long-eared donkey of the 'Advertiser' took a great deal of needless pains, and put himself to a great deal of needless trouble, to show his patriotism, for Mr. Thompson *never denied* that he said the above, and on this occasion he proved it abundantly. "Where," said Mr. Thompson, "can you find on earth a sight like this?—See! yonder is a slave mother fleeing from the Hell of Southern Slavery, claiming nothing but the rights which God gave her, and of which the slaveholder had long robbed her! And *twenty millions of freemen!* are leagued together to hunt her down and return her to be tortured, lacerated and defiled in the prison house from which she has escaped! She flees from her pursuers toward that cataract which seems to rebuke with its thunders the cruelty of your nation; they are close upon her, and, burdened with her little one, which she will not tear from the breast from which it draws its life, she is overtaken. Then, in the sacred name of LAW! she is carried before a hireling Commissioner, who is *bribed* by a provision of the Fugitive Slave Law of your last Congress to give her up to the slave hunter. Then is she borne, shrieking, away; and when the horrified witness of this diabolical act turns to the Pulpit expecting to hear the denunciations of God upon the oppressor come fast from the lips of the Priesthood, he hears some Dewey or Rogers, or Sharp or Cox, excusing the deed! and boldly blaspheming the Saviour of the world by seeking to justify a crime at which the soul sickens, by quoting texts from the blessed Bible! Where on the wide earth can you find anything which is a parallel to this in crime. Ask William and Ellen Crafts, who have themselves been hunted in the Pilgrim City, and who have fled from this "Republican land" to take shelter beneath the sceptre of a Queen, if there be within their knowledge a rood of earth which is not more sanctified by the spirit of Liberty than the soil of Christian Republican America! I recant the assertion? NEVER! It is TRUE! and I dare any man to come upon this platform and debate the question with me!" (Applause.)

No one appearing to question the position of Mr. Thompson, the saints of the 'Springfield Republican,' and their friend, the blackguard of the 'Advertiser,' failing to appear, the meeting adjourned until the following day.

The Convention met on Friday morning; the house was completely filled, and an intense interest was manifested in relation to the subjects which came before the meeting for discussion.

Interesting remarks were made by Mr. Burtis and Abby K. Foster.

"Sojourner Truth," a negro woman, formerly a slave in the State of New York, made some acceptable remarks, in her peculiar manner. This woman, who can neither read or write, will often speak with an ability which surprises the educated and refined. She possesses a mind of rare power, and often, in the course of her short speeches, will throw out *gems* of thought; but the truly Christian spirit which pervades all she says endears her to all who know her. Though she has suffered all the ills of Slavery, she forgives all who have wronged her most freely. She said "her home should be open to the man who had held her as a slave and had so much wronged her; she would feed him and take care of him if he was hungry or poor." "O, friends," said she, "pity the poor slaveholder and pray for him; it troubles me more than anything else what will become of the poor slaveholder, in all his guilt and all his impenitence. God will take care of the poor trampled slave; but where will the slaveholder be when Eternity begins?" Sojourner has attended several of these Conventions, for the purpose of selling her most interesting narrative; and all who become acquainted with her, esteem her most highly.

S. S. Foster followed with some excellent remarks. He spoke of the perfect independence of the Anti-Slavery cause. From the first, Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, May, and others of the veteran leaders in this great contest for Freedom, had formed no connection with sectarianism or with political schemes or plans; the American Anti-Slavery Society was simply an Association for the thorough renovation of public sentiment in relation to American Slavery; they have never sought to build up political parties or sectarian churches; holding the truth of God and believing in its efficacy in rousing the conscience and in purifying the heart, they had relied constantly upon that truth, and God had abundantly blessed their efforts.

Mr. Clark then sang the song beginning with the words 'A voice has gone forth and the land is awake!" in a manner which thrilled every heart; and then, at the earnest call of the assemblage, George Thompson took the floor.

Mr. Thompson spoke of the condition of the colored people of this country, and of the hatred and prejudice which meet them, both bond and free, in every direction. "You," said Mr. Thompson, "who profess to believe that *all men are created free and equal*, have, in the face of Heaven and Earth, given the lie to your professions; you have proscribed and set apart as unclean the entire colored population of the land; three millions of them you have doomed to a hopeless bondage; and those who, by birth or other circumstances, are not slaves, you deride, scoff at, hate and oppress because the same God who made yourselves gave them a color unlike your own! I can sympathize with my colored brother who sees but darkness around and before him, but I do not share his feelings of despondency. I agree with the views of my excellent friend, Mrs. Foster, who, yesterday, gave us words of cheering and of hope. I believe that his redemption is not far off; for all the elements of tyranny in the land are now in full operation to rivet the chains of the slave and to make complete the work of oppression; this is very encouraging; for twenty years we have been trying to get the people of this nation roused upon the subject of Slavery; the stupor and indifference which marked the early days of the Anti-Slavery cause has disappeared, and now the whole land is awakened to the subject; now the strength of tyranny is to be tested in an open war with Freedom; now the philanthropy, the humanity and the true Christian principle of this land is brought to bear upon this dark system of robbery and pollution; and who can doubt that the issue will be glorious for Freedom?

youth, the man who, by his gigantic efforts and matchless courage, brought this question of Slavery before the American people; that man is Wm. Lloyd Garrison. I with him look back upon the career of the Anti-Slavery cause during the twenty years past, and I look at that cause as it stands now before the world; it is not now a question between "a few silly women" and some pert upstart clergyman in his pulpit. It is not now a matter for the sport and laughter of the heartless and the shallow brained; it is a thing of *reality*. Now the Press, the Pulpit, and the Legislative bodies of the land are engaged in its discussion; now the contest is between the United States Government and the justice and humanity of the people; now has the proclamation of the President gone forth: now is the battle set in array; the ground is measured, the orders given, and the trumpet sounded for the onset; now the contest is between God and Moloch; and we rejoice that the battle is at hand, for we *know* that He who is the God of the oppressed is with us, and that certain victory awaits us.

But I was speaking of the proscription of the colored man. It is true that in this land you make the cruelties you practice upon a portion of the colored race, in making them slaves, a reason for hating and persecuting those who are not slaves; you conspire to prevent the colored freeman from obtaining respectable employment; you drive him to the necessity of taking up with the most *menial* employments to obtain bread for himself and his family; you conspire to prevent his obtaining the education he needs; you, with few exceptions, shut to him the doors of the Colleges and Academies of the land, because the chain of the Christian is on his brethren at the South; *you* at the North scorn and spit upon the free colored man, because his race are imbruted at the South; you deny the free colored man at the North the respect and honor due him as a man! Yet it was your God and Judge who made him. He it was who gave to him the form and color for which you hate and despise him! It was His "LAMB" who died for him! It is your God and his who will call you to account for this persecution and hatred of your colored brother; by daring to do this, you place yourselves in array against God! you seek, by indulging this feeling of prejudice, to arraign His wisdom; and by trampling upon the rights of the colored man, you virtually seek to dethrone the God of Heaven!

Think of it——three millions of God's children, equal to yourselves by birth, invested by their Creator with all the sacred rights of men, equal in all things pertaining to the dignity of the human race, with the proudest of the earth, equal to the President of these United States or any of the proud statesmen or oppressors of the land—three millions! held by their fellow men in fee simple, goods and chattels! to be made to toil unpaid! to be spit upon! to be lacerated by the whip! the wife to be torn from the arms of the husband, and the child from the embraces of the parent! and all this in a land professedly Republican—in a land of Bibles, of Churches and of Sabbaths! The mother in travail waits not till she has brought forth her offspring and rejoices at the birth of her child, but before it sees the light she curses her own existence, and curses the day when her offspring are born into Slavery; for the Christians of a land like this, the Republicans of a land like this, have connived together for evil, and they betray the negro from the womb! aye, more horrible still—they doom to Slavery millions yet in the loins of their parents! They have built up a system of wrong which shall seize and enslave millions of God's creatures through ages and ages to come! And in enslaving the body, you crush the soul! The SOUL! who can fathom the vast capabilities of the soul! who weigh the hopes and fears of only *one* soul! and you have placed beneath your feet *three millions!* THREE MILLIONS OF SLAVES! You cannot grasp the number; you think of it, but do not comprehend it; go to the sea side and pick up the pebbles on the beach till you have accumulated the vast number of three millions! and let each pebble stand for one slave, and think of the stupendous nature of that one slave's soul; think of the grandeur of its powers; think of its immortal destiny, and remember that to enslave it is to put out the light which God himself has kindled within it! that to enslave it is to make it dark, to crush its powers, to cover it with moral pollution! and then multiply this guilt which tongue cannot speak by the guilt of enslaving three millions! and grasp if you can the fearful aggregate of crime!

We look over the waters of the Atlantic to see the exemplification of Christian principle in this land; at the South we see, without a parallel, lust, incest, cruelty and murder. In the free States, even in New England, we pass by the proud churches and the prouder priesthood of the land, and we find the exhibition of that Christian principle we seek among comparatively a few men and women unknown to fame, gathered out from every sect, party and condition of life, closely and periodically leagued together by one common bond of deep and constant sympathy for the slave. And these men and women are by the legislators of the land, set without the pale of the law, for no other crime than their hatred of wrong and oppression!—denied for twenty years the protection which even the criminal receives, viz.: the defence of the police from the violence of lawless men. They are and have been outlawed by their own legislators, simply because they have loved truth and humanity, and by these legislators and officers of the law have been deliberately given over to the mercies of the mob. I saw myself, in Faneuil Hall, two hundred ruffians, in the presence of the Mayor, the Chief of the Police and the Police force of Boston, mock at and trample under foot the dearest rights of 35,000 of the purest and best of the tax-paying citizens of that city! To this hour the ruins of Pennsylvania Hall tell of the power of Slavery in this land to crush the right of free speech and utterly destroy the freedom of the citizen; and all this because of the prejudice which you have fostered and kept alive toward the colored race. That hatred of the black man has poisoned your hearts, and you exhibit it in every relation of life. You have a citizen here in Rochester, whose residence in any city of the Union would be an honor to that city—a man of great intellect, a man from whose writings the first newspaper in the English realm is proud to quote, a man who is appreciated and admired not only in England but throughout all Europe—his name is a household word in the proudest mansions on the other side the Atlantic, his brilliant thoughts are treasured up by the scholars of other land, his soul-stirring eloquence yet echoes in the halls of that land, and upon the Royal Exchange his bust is placed among those of the great of all nations. That man is Frederick Douglass. And here at Rochester, and in America, he, in the estimation of pampered priests and heartless politicians, by the rich merchant and the hard-working mechanic is but "a nigger." To what depths of degradation does the prejudice against color sink those who cherish it! To what meanness and wickedness will not men stoop, who, giving themselves up to the influence of a shameful prejudice, teach themselves to hate without cause their brother whom God hath made. But courage poor, scorned and insulted man of color! The day is coming when in your case the parable of Lazarus and Dives will be realized; let the proud and rich and the mighty scorn and hate you; the bosom of an impartial God is waiting for you, and for your oppressors is waiting that wrath which the God of the oppressed has reserved for the tyrant who tramples His image in the dust.

When, my friends, do you expect this hatred of the colored man, this crushing oppression to which he is subject, will cease? "You cannot tell?" I will tell you. It will be when you yourselves repudiate it. Do you expect the Press of the land will become pure and just? It will become so when *you* have become so, and not till then. The Press is a mirror, it reflects the mind of the public; the mass of the people of this country are indifferent to, or directly favorable toward the cause of oppression. The greater portion of the Press of the land reflects that indifference or openly advocates oppression. Let the people of the land put on the form of humanity, and see if the Press does not reflect back its lineaments upon the race.

How is it with the Pulpit? any better than the Press? No! washed and more decent, but no better; for when at all risks the fugitive has escaped from his shackles, as he passes through "*free New England*" the hunter seizes him, and the priest from the altar lends him his aid to send him back to Slavery, and seeks to make the Bible sanction the crime he has committed in thus sustaining oppression. Look now at the Pulpits of the land; hear from the voices of the Sharpes, the Deweys, the Rogerses, and a host of others advocating the claims of the man-thief and robber as paramount to the higher law of God! When will the Pulpit of the land be cleansed? when *you* the *people* shall be pure, and shall teach the recreant, time-serving ministers to respect the claims of Humanity and the law of the blessed God. The work then is to be done with you and through you the *people!* All reforms have been begun and been carried on by the *people*, and to them we look in this dark day of tyranny.

And now take the question home to your own bosoms; feel for the slave, for he needs your pity; do your duty to him and the reward of the righteous shall be yours—a peace of mind which the selfish and the tyrannical know not; the happiness of knowing that in the day when tyranny was strong, and the wrath of the oppressor was hot against the friends of truth and of human freedom, you defended the poor slave and did what you could for his emancipation. Choose you this day whom ye will serve: If the Lord be God, follow Him!—if Millard Fillmore, follow him!

I have given above nothing but a sketch of the speeches of Mr. Thompson. To convey to those who have never heard him any adequate idea of his power as an orator, is *impossible*. To those who have heard him, even *sketches* of his speeches are not wholly unacceptable, as they serve to bring to mind the look and manner of the splendid orator. If you, Mr. Editor, could make the summer breeze at times blow gently across your columns—anon bring up the full sweep of the tempest; cause the thunder to roll along the page and the lines sparkle with fire;—then the reader who has never heard George Thompson could feel something of his power, and feel the blood start through his veins, and his heart swell with the strong emotions of an awakening sense of the vastness of the suject of which Mr. Thompson speaks, and the great responsibility of each one of us in relation to it.

All the accounts I have given of the speeches of Mr. Thompson, and of the doings of the Conventions in New York State have been written under the most unfavorable circumstances—hastily and imperfectly thrown together; but yet, I trust, not wholly without value to the friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause.

At the close of Mr. Thompson's address, he stated to the audience that he should in the afternoon review Henry Clay's Colonization scheme. This review is complete in its elucidation of the hypocrisy of Mr. Clay, and of those who advocate this scheme of injustice, cruelty and fraud. Mr. Thompson will, as soon as opportunity allows, furnish it entire for the Press.

A Convention is to be held in a few days at Lockport, after which Mr. Thompson accompanied by F. Douglass and S. J. May, intends to visit Toronto, U. C.; and they will address the newly-formed Canadian A. S. Society about the 30th instant.

I scarce need say that Isaac Post and family, Messrs. Hallowell, Pratt, and many other well-known friends of Freedom, have been untiring in their services to the Cause and most generous in their hospitality to the strangers who have visited Rochester.—G. W. P.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION PRESENTED TO THE CONVENTION OF CITIZENS OF COLOR.

Mr. JOHN J. ZUILLE, from the Committee on Education, presented the following statistics and recommendations:

The Educational interests of our children in New York City, are committed to the care of the Public School Society of the city of New York, the "Society for the Promotion of Education among Colored Children," and the Teachers in their employ, as well as the "Board of Education," and such other institutions as may give free Education to children, including the "Asylum for Colored Orphans."

The first named Society is managed by a Board of Trustees of 93 gentlemen, a President, Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary. The second by a Board of 21 Trustees, a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The members of the Board of Education are elected by the people.

Public Schools, for colored children were first established here by the New York Manumission Society, and by it transferred to the jurisdiction of the Public School Society. The Society for the Promotion of Education among Colored Children, was incorporated by the Legislature in 1847, and has established two schools. This latter society is composed entirely of colored persons, and managed by them. The following are the statistics of schools, with the number of children on register, and the average attendance, so far as we have been able to gather them.

SCHOOLS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Public School No. 1, situated in Mulberry street, near Grand, will seat 200 children in the male department, and 144 in the female department, making 344 seats. Whole number of children on register 191 boys, 122 girls—total 313. The average attendance is 150 boys, and 90 girls—total 240 average attendance, leaving generally 54 seats vacant. This school is taught by Mr. John Peterson and Miss Caroline Roe, as Principals.

Public School No. 2, in Laurens street, near Broome, will seat 150 boys, 132 girls in the upper department, and 118 in the Primary department, with a gallery in the latter department to accommodate 60 or 70 children—total seats 400. Whole number of children on register 114 boys 107 girls in the upper departments, and 143 boys and girls in the Primary department—total on register 364, average attendance 72 boys, 75 girls, and 86 in the Primary department—total average attendance 233; leaving generally 77 seats vacant. Mr. Ransom F. Wake, Miss Fanny Tompkins, Miss Sarah Ennalls, Principals.

Primary school 3, 15th street, near 7th Avenue, has 116 seats, with gallery; 120 on register, average attendance for the last year 68, leaving about 32 seats vacant. Miss Jane E. Percy, Principal.

Primary Schools 4 and 6, has 200 seats, 188 on register with an average attendance of 133, leaving about 67 seats vacant. Mr. George Green and Miss C. E. Robins, Principals.

	On Register.	Av. Attend.
Making the whole number taught in these schools	980	674

SCHOOLS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EDUCATION AMONG COLORED CHILDREN.

Primary School 1, in Centre street, near Leonard, has 143 seats, 119 on register, average attendance 63, leaving about 80 seats vacant. Mr. George Lawrence, Principal.

Public school 2, in Thomas street, has 83 seats in the male, 85 in the female, and 96 in the Primary department—total 264. On register 184 boys and 196 girls total 380. Average attendance 200, vacant seats 64.

	On Register.	Av. Attend.
Whole number taught in these schools	499	263

Mr. Samuel S. Rankin, Mrs. Jane M. Forten, and Miss Elizabeth Pierce, Principals.

	On Register.	Av. Attend.
This would make the whole number taught in all of the above mentioned schools	1485	937
Add to this the whole number taught in Harlem and Yorkville Schools	100	70
Colored Orphan Asylum	269	167
"whole number [illegible]	1854	1174
A private school in Wooster street near Prince, Miss R. Peterson, Teacher, has on register	60	45
Catholic school, Howard street,	40	27
Making whole number in school	1954	1248

Notwithstanding this number of children in schools, there is still a large number of seats in the Public Schools unoccupied, being about 374 exclusive of gallery and other accommodations; and there are a vast number of children who might be in school, running at large in the public streets, with no one to care for them.

Under the head of "Colored Population," Mr. McKeen, the Superintendent of Common Schools for the City and County of New York makes the following remarks and statements:

"Notwithstanding the great amount of prejudice in a portion of our citizens against color, and the increasing numbers of fugitives and ignorant black people, who are constantly coming into the city, it is believed that New York has made more ample provisions for the education of this class of people, than any large town or city in the world.

The Public School Society have had in their schools, during the past year, of this class	2020
The Society for the Promotion of Education among colored children	912
Ward Schools	142
Colored Orphan Asylum	269
Alms House and House of Refuge have provided for probably	50
	3393

From this it may be seen that the city of New York has provided instruction and school accommodations for about one-eighth of the whole colored population of the city. Besides the above, there is supported during 17 weeks, an evening school for colored persons, in which were taught 217 persons."

In the city of Brooklyn, there is a public school capable of seating 450 children, having on register 300 and an average attendance of 200. Taught by Mr. William J. Wilson and Miss Wilson.

A Public School at Carsville, 60 on register—average attendance 40, 12 of whom are white. Mr. Junius C. Morel, Teacher.

At Williamsburg, there is a public School having on register 194 children, average attendance 99. Mr. E. Jinnings and Mrs. M. W. Stewart, Teachers. An Evening School, 69 on register, 16 average attendance. Private School by Miss Jane Williams, 40 on register, 27 average attendance.

There is a public school on Staten Island, taught by Mr. Prince Loveridge.

There is no certain data for ascertaining the number of children between the ages of 4 and 16 years at present, nor will there be until the publication of the Census, in either of the places spoken of in this statement. But it is well known that a large number are out of school who ought to be in it. This is proved from ocular demonstration.

The Schools are open to all, free as the air we breathe, and their advantages ought not to be neglected, and cannot be without suicidal criminality.

Our children *must* have the advantages of the Common Schools to the fullest extent, and some sacrifices, must be made to provide them proper situations of employment when they leave school, and to these ends our attention ought to be directed.

In view of the facts here presented, as well as others which might be named, your committee beg leave to recommend—

That an association of ladies and gentlemen be formed, consisting of at least 40 ladies and 40 gentlemen, which shall take upon itself the duty of securing a more full attendance of children at school, and of providing for them, when they leave school, suitable places of employment, where they may obtain a knowledge of the mechanical branches, either in or out of the city, or any branch of business that shall promise steady employment, as well as to develope their physical, social and mental capacity.

1. That this association perform its duty by visiting parents who do not send their children to school regularly, and urge upon them the importance of making the necessary sacrifices to enable their children to attend school.

2. By attending to the wants of such children as are deprived of the privileges of the school by a need of the necessary clothing.

3. By holding a Fair once a year, or by making public appeals for funds to accomplish the end designed; or by adopting such other measures as in the better judgment of the association shall best promote the object in view.

Your Committee further recommend that this association be formed immediately, with power to increase their number to any necessary extent; and that similar associations be formed in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh and Staten Island.

That in each place, the names and places of business of mechanics who are willing to take colored apprentices be taken, and proper apprentices recommended; pledging to them all the support we can command while they are instructing such apprentices when they have learned their trades.

Your Committee are of opinion that should the association be conducted with energy, it will tend to inspire greater confidence in our youth, a better self-respect, and in connection with other enterprises, to shorten the days of oppression in this land, to incite higher purposes; and to fix the fact in the minds of all, that as Americans, we are one people, and have a common destiny.

RECEIPTS FOR THE STANDARD

From February 1st. to March 1st. 1851.

520	Mary L. Clapp, Scituate, Mass.	$2 00
570	L. Stevens, Plymouth, "	2 00
588	Hansom Cole, Litchfield, Ohio.	2 00
619	J. W. Ayers, " "	2 00
572	S. G. Andrews, Bradford, N. H.	2 00
556	P. J. Shufelt, Mellenville, N. Y.	1 00
624	David Thomas, Palmyra, O.	4 00
609	Samuel Harris, Leeds, N. Y.	2 00
609	J. P. Rouse, " "	2 00
550	Mrs. L. Coleman, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	2 00
585	Wm. Parsons, Spencertown, N. Y.	1 00
552	Abraham Allen, Oakland, O.	2 00
630	David Spalding, Ellistown, O.	5 00
572	Female A. S. Society, Concord, N. H.	2 00
610	Susan D. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.	2 00
558	Charles G. Chaffin, Ghent, N. Y.	2 00
530	Peter Swab, Mellenville, "	1 00
520	D. L. Galbreath, New Garden, O.	4 00
572	Lambert & Plumbly, Somerton, "	4 00
572	Wm. A. Tyson, New York City,	1 00
606	P. A. Comstock, Harts Village, N. Y.	2 00
540	Wm. S. Jones, Jersey City, N. J.	2 00
640	Wendell Phillips, Boston, Mass	2 00
640	Ann T. G. Phillips, " "	2 00
640	Geo. W. Greene, " "	2 00
640	Rev. Jno. C. Phillips, Methuen, "	2 00
640	J. H. Farnsworth, Dana, N. Y.	2 00
610	Rev. S. Lincoln, Kensington, N. H.	2 00
612	Mrs. Ann E. Woodley, Lynn, Mass.	2 00
558	Joseph Ricketson, New Bedford, "	2 00
558	J. J. Holsapple, Ghent, N. Y.	2 00
602	John Orton, Sherman, Ct	2 00
592	Thomas J. Paine, Seneca Falls, N. Y.	2 00
603	Sydney Smith, Borodino, "	2 00
572	E. Conger, Newark, N. J.	2 00
572	J. Rideout, Bath Maine,	7 00
560	James Dunklee, South Merimack, N. H.	4 75
		$86 75

DONATION

The Middlesex County A. S. Society

Will hold its annual meeting at the Orthodox Church, in Concord, on Thursday, April 3, 1851, at 10 o'clock, A.M., where it is expected, after the choice of officers, that the meeting will be addressed by WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES N. BUFFUM, and LEWIS HAYDEN, now under arrest for aiding SHADRACH.

The Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society will have a TEA PARTY at the Vestry of the Unitarian Church, in the evening, for the benefit of the cause. All persons are respectfully invited to attend, and it is hoped there will be a large gathering of men, women and children.

THOMAS RUSSELL, Esq., of Boston is expected to be one of the speakers at the tea-party.

Fellow-Citizens: We have reached an era unparalleled in the records of history. The thirty-first Congress has expired, and left upon its records a law whose iniquity equals the most atrocious acts of a Nero or a Caligula—a law which opens our fields, our shops, and even the pentralia of our houses, to the relentless search of the slave-hunter. To his panting victim, who extends his bleeding hands to us, and begs, for the dear Christ's sake, that we will give him shelter and food, and a cup of cold water, we must turn a deaf ear. In vain shall he knock at the palace or the hovel—no wealth may shield him, no poverty can protect him.

Friends! do you not see that we are BETRAYED and SOLD TO THE ENEMY? The great Northern Statesman has gone over to him, and fattening in sunny pastures, proclaims himself a martyr to the Union! Our great men are in a maze; the air is so full of cotton that their eyes are blinded, and they grope aimlessly hither and thither, and when anxious cries come up from the hearts of the people, asking what is to be done, their throats are so full of cotton that they cannot speak. Is it for *this* that the soil of Massachusetts was moistened with the blood of her bravest children?

Now is the time for the people to awake. There is no longer excuse for delay. Let Massachusetts, a State proverbially jealous of her liberties, declare by public meetings, in the market, by the fire-side, in all ways in which heart speaks to heart, and eye to eye, that she will not submit to this intolerable oppression.

Citizens of Massachusetts! Will you not, with one accord, as true citizens of the Old Bay State, meet where the first great stand was taken against British oppression, and without distinction of party or sect, signify your abhorrence of this nefarious law?

The women of Concord, mindful of the high-toned patriotism of their mothers of the Revolution, invite you to the social board, where you will meet the friendly grasp of welcome, and listen to the eloquence of men whose hearts burn with the fire of true courage and patriotism.

FAST DAY.

Old Colony A. S. Society.

A quarterly meeting of this Society will be held in South Bridgewater, on Fast Day April 10, 1851, and the day preceeding, commencing at 1 o'clock, P.M., on Wednesday.

The names of speakers will be given next week.

Abolitionists of the Old Colony! let the meeting be well attended, and the spirit manifested on the occasion be worthy of the day and the cause which we seek to promote.

BOURNE SPOONER, *President.*

H. H. BRIGHAM, *Sec'ry.*

Notice.

MR. JEREMIAH W. MYRES, of St. Catherines, Canada West, has been duly appointed a Traveling Financial Agent of the New York State Vigilance Committee. Mr. Myres comes to the Committee highly recommended from Clergymen and Laymen well known to us, which has secured for him the confidence and respect of the Committee. He has already entered upon the duties of his Agency. We commend him to the friends of the fleeing fugitive, and ask their co-operation and aid. WM. HARNED, Treasurer.

CHARLES B. RAY, Corresponding Secretary.

New York, March 20, 1851.

Notice.

All citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, and in favor of adopting such measures, within the limits prescribed by the Constitution, as may procure its essential modification or final repeal, are invited to assemble at WORCESTER, on TUESDAY, April 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of consulting together, and devising the best means of advancing that object.

S. C. PHILLIPS, Salem;
CHARLES F. ADAMS, Quincy;
HORACE MANN, West Newton;
JOHN G. PALFREY, Cambridge;
JOHN M. WILLIAMS, Boston;
AMASA WALKER, N. Brookfield;
S. G. HOWE, South Boston;
J. G. WHITTIER, Amesbury;
CHARLES SEDGWICK, Lenox;
SAMUEL HOAR, Concord;
ERASTUS HOPKINS, Northampton;
HENRY STEARNS, Springfield;
GEORGE W. BANCROFT, Groton;
CALEB STETSON, South Scituate;
JOHN B. ALLEY, Lynn;
J. A. ANDREW, Hingham;
JOHN A. BOLLES, Winchester;
S. E. SEWALL, Melrose;
ANSON BURLINGAME, Cambridge;
R. E. APTHORP, Boston;
J. P. BLANCHARD, "
TIMOTHY GILBERT, "
WM. B. SPOONER, "
JOSEPH WILLARD, " and others.

Cincinnati A. S. Convention.

THE Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle of Cincinnati, earnestly invite all who advocate the doctrine that slaveholding is a violation of God's law, and a cruel wrong to man, and therefore, that Slavery ought to be immediately abolished, to meet in Convention in the City of Cincinnati, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th days of April next, (1851,) to take into consideration the present and prospective condition of the Anti-Slavery cause, and to counsel together on one common platform, in respect to the evils to be opposed, the difficulties to be surmounted, and the proper means and measures for maintaining and sustaining their principles practically and thoroughly.

There has never been a moment when Christian philanthropists could have been justified in relaxing their vigilance in the cause of human freedom. But at no period of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, has there been a greater demand for their watchfulness, and their earnest, energetic, bold and persevering exertions than at this time, when the mightiest powers of the civil government are yet more strenghtened for the support of Slavery by the aid of the highest talents and the combined influence of the American Church.

It is painful to reflect upon the fact that after eighteen hundred years of the promulgation of the gospel of Jesus Christ who came to preach deliverace to the captive, and whose very title of Redeemer is a standing condemnation of Slavery, the first principple of Christianity should be so little understood and felt, that three millions of the human family are now held in the most abject servitude under the laws and institutions of a Government whose Constitution owns more freedom of conscience than any other upon earth, and with the sanction of a Church that glories in its independence of the civil power. It is distressing beyond measure to see great Statesmen and learned Doctors of Divinity putting forth all the strength and power of their mighty intellects to dry up the fountains of human sympathy and [illegible]

In the mortification and distress of our hearts, in view of this unhallowed combination, we call upon the friends of humanity to rally in defence of all that is right and true in the principles of civil and divine law. Let no slight consideration, beloved friends, prevent your attendance. The cries of humanity, the voice of your brother's blood, and the claims of Christianity, call upon you to make every sacrifice needful to accomplish the great object which you profess to have near your hearts, and to do all you can to deliver them who are bound out of the hands of the spoiler.

The weapons of our warfare not being carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds, we may with certainty calculate upon a glorious triumph, if we battle together in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, wielding with boldness the word of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

For Christ and Humanity,

SARAH H. ERNST, President.

M. M. GUILD, Secretary.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 12, 1851.

Liberty Bell for 1851.

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THE EDINGBURG REVIEW (Whig),
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church),
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Poetry.

PICTURES OF NATURE.

[From Dr. O. W. Holmes's Poem of "Astræa."]

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden,—drift, or sky, or sun;—
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold,
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusted walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose:
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls;
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, *staccato*, his peremptory note;
The crackbrained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air and spreads his idle wings;—

Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls;
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books?
Le me [illegible] the shrivelled past,
Lock the warm tides within these living veins,
Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays
Dazzled and giddy in the morning blaze!

A DEAD ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

O Rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in drawer—thy titles shame thee.

II.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

III.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

IV.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now,—would darken where it met thee.

V.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

VI.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up in his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

VI.

The heart doth recognise thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

VII.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below thee!

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sin may nestle below a crest,
And crimes below a crown;
As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest,
As under a silken gown,
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
Who greet the young morn with toil;
And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—the King of the Soil!
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head—
Never Sultan or Dey had such powers as they,
To withhold or offer bread.

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But ships would rot, and be valued not,
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath, and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet;
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade, and plough,
The gladdening hour shall come,
When that which is called the "waste land" now,
Shall ring with the "Harvest Home!"
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the ble sky o'er their head—
Never Sultan nor Dey had such power as they
To withhold or offer bread.

Miscellany.

From The Liberty Bell.

ANOMALIES OF THE AGE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

My Dear Friend:—As the years pass on, and your annual celebration comes round recalling our thoughts to our principles of action in regard to a very serious matter, I grow more and more uneasy about the discrepancy between the Christianity which is recorded and that which is professed in the countries that assume to lead the world. To me it appears that the discrepancy deepens and spreads, so that I am perplexed and scared, as by a bewildering dream, and am ready to ask whether it is we who are insane, or those whose doings confound us.

I wish it were possible to bring others to that point of open declaration, and clear avowal of views which we are, I believe, ready to afford on our part. If we could bring men who do unchristian things to say that they do not think Christianity adequate to the needs of human nature; or that they do not think it appropriate to all kinds of mind; or that they do not think it in any way true, we might see our way, and understand what is about us. If men would say what they think, and show what they are, this would be better (be their thoughts and condition what they may) than compelling us to walk as if in a troubled dream, by their taking up with a faith and utterly perverting and spoiling it as they do.—See what the Christian countries of the world are doing now, and say whether there is anything to choose between their religion and that of any old country, whose heathen temples stand as warnings against superstition. Look at Rome, where a class of old and heart-withered young priests are pulling human happiness to shreds! They are banishing and imprisoning the young, setting spies upon the old living in luxury and grasping at power. And yet, if we mistake not, the gospel discourages fine living, and love of power, and meddling with neighbors, and inflicting pain in God's name or one's own. Look at Russia, where the emperor puts his name next to God's in the catechism, and has the children of his empire taught that he is more like God than he is like them; that he is not to be loved by the oldest and wisest of his people as a brother, but obeyed as a father, and the kind of father that God is. Can this man and his abbettors, and his wretched worshippers know that all men are brethren from the point of view that Christianity takes? Perhaps not: for in the countries where the Latin and Greek Churches are established, little or nothing is known of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as real men and writers of books.

Germany and France have the honesty not to say much about Christianity being the rule of their life; and, however much we may wish that they would ascertain a basis, and plant themselves upon it, the absence of Christian profession, in the absence of Christian practice, is a good as far as it goes. In your country and mine, the profession is, not only of being Christian, but it is our boast that we obtain our rule for ourselves, out of the very records; that the words of Jesus fall upon our ears as if he were himself before our eyes. And what are we doing? Are we non-resistant among the powers of the world, meddling with neither Greece, nor Spain, nor Affghans, nor Chinese, but letting others work their will upon us, not resisting evil? Are there none among us abounding in good things while others have need? Look at us, how we now stand, with tens of thousands of children within the bounds of our islands growing up under influences which deepen by the intelligence of man the instincts and propensities of the monkey. Instead of calling little children to them our churchmen and dissenters are fixing up barriers between them and God,—that is, light and goodness,—which they may not pass. While our towns are infested with misery and the country laid waste by sensual vice, the Church itself,—the curator of Christianity,—is splitting to pieces upon the question of prevenient grace. And [illegible] before their eyes of denun-

We have men in parliament who seem actually unable to read the story about the ears of corn gathered on the Sabbath, and the illustrations about the ox and the ass which have fallen into a pit. These men, with the New Testament in their hands, have just been oppressing their brethren, and especially the poor, with an imposition of a Jewish Sabbath,—as nearly as they can approach it. Here is a poor girl living near me who, on this first Sunday under the new rule, believes that a letter is lying at the post-office which will tell whether her father is dead or recovering, or so likely to die as to need her immediate presence: and she cannot lay her hand on the letter till to-morrow. One of these curators of Christianity, a clergyman of rank, preaching in Westminster Abbey, with the open Bible before him, gave out as his text, "The Sabbath was made for man," without saying that there was another half to the text which he had ommitted. We cast out from political rights the Jew, because he is weak; and we admitted the Catholics only because they were strong. Our Church ministers fare sumptously; and the bishops are overwhelmed with business,—not of spiritual administration, but of management of ecclesiastical property.

Happily we have also the self-denying, the meek, the reverent, the self-forgetful, ane devoted. High and low, are scattered bright lights of faith, hope and charity. The half-fed gives half his food to his neighbor who has nothing. The wearied worker sits up all night with the sick. The legislator seeks the public good, and forgets that he might as well try to distinguish himself. But these are they who say little or nothing about Christianity, but act from their own nature, kindly developed by a faith which boasteth not herself.

As for your country, few words are needed at this point of time, when your citizens are snatching land and gold, slaying foreigners who oppose their lust of land and gold, keeping their brethren in bonds, and, when referred back to the Gospel for rules for the treatment of brethren, driven to discover that negroes are not brethren, nor men at all. Your Gospel curators are like ours,—evading the praying for Slaves, declining to plead for them, and even uttering pulpit rejoicings over the compromise of Mr. Clay, which would quietly doom a new generation to Slavery for a quarter of a century. Like us, too, you have saints who say nothing, and perhaps think nothing, about personal holiness; apostles who boast no mission; and benefactors who do not wait for a command to aid their brethren. They no more profess Christianity than a man in health perpetually adduces air, and sunshine, and pure water. He breathes and lives; and your true apostles breathe and live in such elements of Christianity as they assimilate.

All this is as common as men, and as old as human imperfection; but it makes us long for something which would be somewhat newer, and a relief from the sense of hollowness which distresses us—If we could but induce men who do not practice Christianity, to disclaim it, if not as a fact, yet as their guide and their plea! How welcome would our bishops be to their purple and their property, if only they would admit that they have these things because they like them, and not because Jesus was or was not a bishop, or desired, or forbade his ministers to be rich and grand! How comparatively welcome would your legislators and clergy be to their notions about negroes, if only they would plead a natural pride and combativeness, and say that they entertained objections to the statement that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth! If Christianity be true, it can take care of itself, whatever these or those men can say about it. Let them say that it does not approve itself to them,—that it does not suit everybody—that it is worn out,—that it is not yet developed;—any objections whatever.—Let us have them out, and get rid of the bad dream of contrariety by which we now find ourselves beset on every side.

Would it not be a relief to see Christianity voted down in conventions of our respective nations, and so set free to try its forces again, as among the heathenisms of old? What a sight it would be,—the trial of its vital force in an age like ours! If we cannot hope to get such a convention, or such an act of honesty from long trained hypocrisy or carelessness, we may do something,—you and I,—by perseveringly holding up the simple Christian view on the one hand, and its opposite (under the same denomination) on the other, and saying, till the worldly ear is weary of hearing us, "Look on this picture,—and on that." It is weary work: but it is better than sitting quiet, to be bewildered by a bad dream.

Yours ever,
Harriet Martineau.

Ambleside, June, 1850.

Many of our readers will be glad to see a Lecture delivered by George Combe, at a recent meeting in Edinburgh, called to consider the subject of popular Education. We copy it from the *Glasgow Examiner*:

Mr. George Combe commenced by observing that he had never spoken on a subject of greater interest than that which was now to occupy the attention of the meeting. The circumstances which had led to this meeting were somewhat peculiar, and he would state them by way of an introduction. Edward Lombe, Esq. is a landed proprietor in the county of Norfolk. There are sixty-eight tenant farmers on his estates, and he has given them all liberty to shoot game on their farms, and to vote for members of parliament according to their own opinions, without consulting him about the merits of the candidates. (Loud cheers.) He has established a college for the education of the people at Sheffield, which flourishes, and he lately expended £1,000 in an attempt to establish another in Norwich, but, falling into bad hands, it failed. Nothing daunted by this disappointment, he a few weeks ago presented £500 to the National Public School Association in England and Wales; and it is through his bounty that the present meeting is convened. Mr. Lombe desires to dedicate a portion of his wealth to the elevation of the laboring classes, by means of education; and the instruction which he prefers is in secular knowledge, suited to promote the temporal wellbeing of industrious persons, leaving to the parents and pastors of each child the duty and responsibility of teaching it denominational theology. I have never seen this beneficent gentleman; but some friend of his, unknown to me, sent to him, in Florence, where chiefly he resides, a copy of the first annual report of Mr. Williams' Secular School, and this induced him, unsolicited, to send me £50; one-half to be applied to that school, and the other half in defraying the expenses of this meeting and of a similar one in Glasgow, if you shall give encouragement to its being held. (Cheers.) I feel honored in being made the instrument of his bounty, but I beg to remark that I am not commissioned to convey to you any particular views on education as his. The circumstances before mentioned, warrant the inference that he approves generally of a useful secular education, such as is described in the report of Mr. Williams school; but farther than this, I have no authority on his part to go. You will therefore, hold me alone responsible for the particular views which I may now address to you. I proceed then to observe that you, the working classes, are the chief objects of the educational movement. The upper and middle classes are both able and willing to educate their children themselves; but for want of money, time, and knowledge, you are, in this respect, in a less favorable condition. This country has arrived at that stage of civilization in which mind has acquired an enormous superiority over mere strength. The steam engine has been made to supply the place of millions of human muscles as operating forces; and while these muscles continue incapable of higher modes of action than those which belong to the steam engine, the horse, and the water-wheel, their owners can expect no higher remuneration for their toil than that which will remunerate the masters of such inanimate and unintelligent powers for the capital expended in them. The human laborer must learn to do something which these cannot accomplish: he must acquire skill to form more intricate combinations, and taste to produce finer results than they, and then his labor will be worthy of, and will obtain a higher remuneration. The laborer will then, in intelligence and skill, be the fellow of the capitalist and employer, and will share his profits and command his respect. This high advantage can be obtained only by careful training and instructions in childhood and youth. I repeat, then, that the enlightened advocates of national education desire to raise your children to the rank of skilled operatives, and moral and intelligent members of the community. You are the persons chiefly interested in the movement, and yet, so far as I know, you have been least of all consulted on the subject. Men of different religious denominations, and who are sincerely desirous to elevate your condition, have endeavored to devise a scheme of national education, in which the rights of all shall be respected; but hitherto the [illegible] movement of the good work has been hindered [illegible] by the religions of the edu- merely to impart secular knowledge, but also to recruit the ranks of the sect, and to fill the pews of its churches or meeting houses. In regard to this, too, they have omitted to consult the laboring classes, whose children chiefly the schools are intended to educate. (Cheers and loud applause.) Mr. Lombe's wish is that you should have an opportunity of declaring your own unbiassed opinions on the education of your children, and for this purpose the present meeting has been called. To enable you to form an enlightened judgment on the matter, I beg leave to address to you a few practical considerations. The grand obstacle to the establishment of a national system of education, supported by taxation, is the "religious difficulty." Let us inquire into its nature and the objects of those who interpose it. In the discussions on this subject, three terms are in frequent use which it is necessary clearly to understand. These are—"secular education," "religion," and "theology." The word "secular," derived from *seculum*, an age, means things belonging to time as contradistinguished from eternity. It means things belonging to this world; and secular education, therefore, signifies instruction in things that exist in us and around us in our present state of being, and by knowing which we may vastly increase our temporal prosperity and happiness, and avoid much temporal suffering. Secular things, or things of this world, are not the opposites or antagonists of the interests of eternity. They are a portion of them with which we are necessarily much concerned in this state of being, and as such I beg that you will understand them. The word "religion" expresses a sentiment, an emotion, or a state of feeling; and is distinct from intellectual conception. "Theology" means the intellectual views which we form concerning the objects which excite the religious emotion. The history of man in every age and country proves the innateness of the religious sentiment in his mind, though its intensity, like that of all his other emotions, is different in different individuals and nations, and in some it is so feeble that they are scarcely, if at all, conscious of its existence in this respect, it resembles the love of music, and the power of producing it. Some savage tribes make only a series of monotonous sounds in measured time, by beating on a rude drum with a stick, and this they call music. The Scotchman invents a sweet but simple tune in which melody and time are combined; he weds it to immortal verse, and this is his music and song. The German combines melodious sounds in infinite variety, and with every possible interval of time, adapts string to string and instrument to instrument, until he produces bursts of melody and harmony that thrill the astonished listener. But there are individuals to whom all perception of melody is denied, and to whem the sweet breathings of the lute are mere monotonous sounds. To prove to such individuals that in this respect they form exceptions to the general nature of man, we point to the existence of musicians, musical instruments, orchestras and music halls, as evidence that a love of music exists, of which these are the external symbol. And thus it is with religion. We point to priests, temples, churches, and vast congregations of worshippers, existing in every age and almost in every country, as the visible and tangible proofs of a religious emotion in man. There are individuals to whom this emotion is denied, and others in whom it is feeble; but these, as I have remarked, form exceptions to the common rule. In men in general it is a strong, vivid, or intense emotion, and from the grandeur of the object to which it is naturally related, it assumes supremacy over all our other feelings. Such, then, is the religious emotion. Let us now inquire into theology. Theology, as I have said, means the intellectual ideas which we form concerning the Being, or objects, to whom or which the devotional emotion should be addressed: and here the difficulties of the subject begin. The ideas formed of the object to which our religious emotion should be directed, bear necessarily a direct reference to the extent of our knowledge of the external world and of the human mind. The savage is a stranger to science, and unacquainted with mind elevated and improved by knowledge; and the lines of Pope describe his religion:

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind.

This is his theology. The half-civilized Hindoo and Mahometan know more of external nature and of the human mind, and they have invented sacred books describing God and his prophets, and purporting to reveal his will; but these, with portions of truth, contain innumerable errors. The Christian nations are by far the most advanced in knowledge on the face of the globe; and the Bible, which they acknowledge as the chief source of their information about God, is infinitely superior to the so-called sacred books of the Hindoos and the Mahometans. Thus it appears that the sentiment or emotion of reverence and devotion to a great and good Being is common to the savage, the Hindoo, the Mahometan, and the Christian, but that each of these races forms notions of the qualities and will of that Being corresponding to its own intellectual enlightenment—in other words, its theology bears the stamp of its civilization. The difference between religion and theology may be aptly illustrated by comparing them to the warp and woof of a web. The weaver fixes in his loom, first, long threads stretching out directly from his own position, and these are called the warp. Then he has thread upon a shuttle, which he ever and anon casts between the long threads, and these cross threads are called the woof. The web or cloth is composed of the two series of threads closely pressed together. Now, in our present problem, the native sentiment of reverence and devotion may be likened to the warp. It is the foundation or first element of the web. The theological ideas may be considered as the cross thread or woof. As the shuttle adds the woof to the warp to make the cloth, the intellect adds theology, or particular notions about God, to the emotion, and the two combined constitute what we commonly call religion. The Hindoo religion is the primitive pure emotion, with such intellectual ideas as the priests of the country have been able to weave into it. The Mahometan and Christian religions may be described in similar terms; and thus it is that the composite web of reverential emotion and intellectual ideas which each nation has formed for itself is called its religion. The compound nature of this web is not usually perceived by its votaries. The Hindoo regards his sacred web as altogether pure religion, and the Mahometan and the Christian, of whatever sect, do the same. The primitive emotion, when energetic and excited, is so overpowering that it carries the whole mind captive. When it acts blindly, it dethrones reason, stifles conscience, and enlists every passion to vindicate the honor and glory of the Being whom it has been trained to reverence. When the woof of error has been added in infancy, and the web of superstition formed, every thread—that is to say, every notion concerning God and his priests, and man's duty to both—becomes sacred in the eyes of the devotee, and stirs the emotion into a glow of rapture if gratified, and of indignation and fury if contradicted. In this state of mind, barbarous nations plunder and slay in honor, and to the glory of their gods. Now in Christian nations, analogous phenomena appear. We all profess to draw our religion from the Bible; but in Scotland one woof is woven into the warp, in England another, in Ireland a third, in Germany a fourth, in Russia a fifth, and so on. In our own country, the woof consists of certain views of God, of human nature, and of man's estate, duties, and destiny, embodied in the Shorter Catechism and the Confession of Faith. In our infancy, these are woven by our parents and clergy into the very core of our religious emotion, and the resulting texture is our religion. The union is so intimate, and the web so firmly knit together, that most of us have no conception of anything being religion except this our own compound web of devotion and intellectual doctrine. The doctrine is to us as sacred as the emotion, and he who controverts it is regarded as the enemy of our religion. Nevertheless, the doctrine, all the time, is a mere human woof formed by mortal men assembled at Westminster in the seventeeth century; men fallible like ourselves, and many of them more ignorant; though its intimate union with our devotional emotion is apt to incapacitate our mind from so regarding it. We obtain direct and irresistible proof that such is the fact, by merely crossing the border or St. George's Channel. In England, the woof is composed of the Liturgy and the Episcopalian Catechism. The Englishman, into whose devotional emotion the doctrines of these books have been woven from infancy, cannot conceive anything but his own web of opinion being the true religion. Cross the Channel, again, to Catholic Ireland, and there you find that the pope and councils have fashioned other standards of faith, and that the priests have woven them into the warp of the Irish mind, and this web constitutes religion Nay, the clergy of different sects have woven notions about church government and ceremonies into the warp, and made these also appear portions of religion as it [illegible] defend them with can now understand why it is that we are afflicted with such deadly strifes and hatred in the name of religion. The thing we call religion is a compound web; and when our neighbor shows us his fabric of religious opinion, and calls its divine, we, into whose minds it has not been woven, survey it with the eye of reason and pronounce it partly pure and partly spurious in its threads. Our neighbor's devotional feelings receive a rude shock: he becomes angry, and attacks our web of opinion in his turn, and treats it in a similar way. Neither of us, in general, is capable of examining closely and calmly the threads that constitute the woof of his own web, and hence discord is interminable. How is this unhappy state of things to be brought to a close? Dr. Duff, the missionary from the Church of Scotland to the Hindoos, wrote home that preaching Christianity had but little effect on that people. They opposed their sacred books to his, and their miracles to the Christian miracles, and were incapable of perceiving the difference between them. He said to the Church of Scotland—"Send me teachers of natural science to instruct these people in the order and laws of nature, to open their understaudings to truth and falsehood, to things that are real and things that are fanciful, and to teach them to reason; and, after they are so instructed, I shall convert them." In other words, he wished men to pick out the threads of superstition from their minds, and to substitute natural truth, and when the web was so prepared, he would be able to add the woof of Christian doctrine. By a similar process, perhaps, we might be enabled to pick out some errors from our own webs, and form a fairer fabric of true religion; for that the doctrines of many of our Christian sects must include error is certain, seeing that they so widely differ in their interpretations of scripture. Indeed, how can the woof be pure! The Roman Catholic web was begun almost under the Roman idolatry, and it was woven into its present texture amidst the barbarism of the dark ages. The Protestant faith was woven into a web or system three hundred years ago, amidst bloodshed, and fire, and devastation; and many minor webs have been formed in later times, taking their origin from the mental peculiarities of their makers, such as Swedenborg, or from the circumstances of the times. The nature of the religious difficulty which obstructs the progress of a comprehensive scheme of national education will now be easily understood. There are vast bodies of clergy and laymen attached to particular woofs of Christian theology or doctrine, which they conscientiously regard as the only forms of true religion; and so intimately are these doctrines connected in their minds with the pure devotional sentiment, that they regard deserting of them as deserting God. They are bent on promoting the universal diffusion of them as boons to the human race, and are offended and affronted by opposition. Not only so, but each denomination has expended large sums of money in building places of worship and school-houses in which to communicate their views to the old and to the young, as divine truth. They all see that the school-house is the recruiting station for the chapel, and they therefore aim, as I have said, first to benefit your children by education, but, in the second place, to benefit themselves by enlisting as many as possible of them under their own banners, in the certain expectation that, in twenty years hence, those children will prove pillars and stays to their chapels. (Loud cheers.) I do not blame them for their attachment to what they consider truth, and I adore and respect their zeal in endeavoring to diffuse it. Indeed, the deep interest and universal commotion that now exists in the United Kingdom on religion, are to me, in one view, subjects of rejoicing for they indicate an awakening energy in the highest emotional faculties of man, the torpor of which, in the latter half of the last century, was fatal to moral progress. But I lament the blindness which prevents the leaders of the different sects from discovering that their own web of theology is not necessarily the only true religion, although, from the circumstances before explained, it is the truest with which they are acquainted. The struggle between the sects to obtain possession of the schools commenced, with the reformation. Luther, Calvin, and Knox, urged education as the only means of making good their conquests from Catholicism. They saw that the school was an admirable place for effectively weaving the Protestant woof into young minds, and, by the most praiseworthy efforts, they accomplished this great work. But Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, did the same service to Catholicism. He and his followers instituted Roman Catholic schools, and they speedily wove such a woof of faith into the young minds of the flocks left to them after the Reformation, that Catholicism has not only been impregnable ever since, but appears actually to be gaining on Protestantism. Mr. Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review*, remarked that, since the age of Luther, Protestantism, relatively to Catholicism, has not increased; and that whatever since that time has been gained by Christianity, has been acquired by Roman Catholicism. How do the interests of laymen fare under these conflicts of contending sects? They wither and decay. The theology itself cramps the understanding and lowers the moral courage of the nation. These contests not only present obstacles to the foundation of schools and benevolent societies, but block up the doors of our universities, and of as many of our existing seminaries as the sects are able to command. Sentinels, with theological and ecclesiastical tests in their hands, stand at the portals of our colleges and parish schools, of our charitable foundations for education, and beckon back all who will not consent to receive them as embodiments of divine truth. The consequences, as I have said, are that education, and with it the moral and intellectual progress of the nation, are obstructed. We are brought to a dead lock, and unless the people declare their resolution to be free, I see no means of escape. Survey the histories of nations, and you will find that they all tell one tale. Wherever the education of the people has been chiefly under clerical sound, there religious doctrines have been assiduously taught, and the knowledge of God's creation, and the laws by which it is administered, has, generally speaking, been omitted; the people are ignorant and superstitious, and have made small progress in material wellbeing. This is the character of the instruction given in Southern Italy, Spain, and Portugal, in some of the rural districts of England, and, until lately, in Catholic Ireland. The Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland afford additional examples. Intellectual torpor and material degradation reign in these countries, hand in hand with undisputed religious creeds; and Germany and the U. States of North America present examples of nations who are educated by laymen in secular knowledge, and by their clergy in religious creeds; and there intellectual activity and material wellbeing are far more general among the people than in the same class even in Great Britain. Within thirty years, under universal secular education, Germany has made greater advances in civilization in all its branches than for a century before under purely clerical instruction. Nay, so palpable did the evil of a predominant clerical influence in education become to the Swiss, that in 1847 the Protestant cantons made actual war on the Roman Catholic cantons, and expelled the Jesuits, because they had engrossed and turned to their own purposes the education of the young, and were constantly, through this means, extending their influence. In these countries far greater religious freedom reigns than in Scotland. There a man who is moral may profess what religion he pleases; here the shopkeeper is forsaken by his customers if he is reputed unsound in his faith; the orthodox churchman will not stand on the same platform, for educational objects, with the Unitarian; the evangelical supporter of the original ragged school will not even enter the door of the United Industrial School, because Roman Catholic and Protestant children are there instructed in secular knowledge in the same classes. Nay, although the webs of faith of the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church, are actually woven from the same materials (the Westminster Confession and the Catechism), yet because they are the products of different looms, and each has three or four threads of opinion about church government, in which it differs from the others (laughter and cheers); these few threads act like electrical elements of discord, and, make the whole webs repel each other with fiery vehemence. Such a state of things, I repeat, brings dishonor on our country. It wastes in paltry contests the mental energy that should be applied in improving the moral and intellectual condition of the people; it stifles our emotions of benevolence and justice; wastes our substance in building schools and chapels which ruin previously existing establishments of a similar kind; and, worst of all, it renders us moral poltroons; for so intense and active is sectarian hostility and so vindictive is its spirit, that thousands who see and deplore these evils are deterred from attempting to remove them. They occasion more evil still. They prevent the development of the national mind. In our universities the professor of anatomy will, for example, show the structure of professor of natural philosophy will describe the sun, and demonstrate the laws of the solar system. Or the anatomist will describe the cells and tissues, the air tubes and blood vessels of the lungs; and the chemist will demonstrate the the composition of the atmosphere. But there is no chair instituted to teach the relations between these different classes of objects, and the lessons which they read to man. Any instruction given about them is merely incidental. Now, the young student, when his attention is properly directed to these relations, discovers that the eye without light would be useless, yet that the grand fountain of illumination is ninety millions of miles distant from this organ. Then the stupendous thought rushes into his mind, that an intelligence which embraced both, which designed, adapted and maintains both, must exist; and the devotional emotion glows with rapture in the contemplation of His greatness, His goodness, and His power. Or again the admirable adaptation of the air, with its seventy-eight parts of nitrogen, twenty-one of oxygen, and one of carbonic acid gas, to the lungs, bespeaks the presence of the same divine Intelligence in the arrangements of our bodies and of the earth, and leads to us lessons of great practical utility in regard to ventilation, exercise, and the laws of health; yet this teaching is not to be found, except incidentally, in our universities. The Catechism and Confession of Faith are thrust between the external creation and its Author: we must draw our theology from them; and small encouragement is given to us to gather threads of divine texture from the magnificent stores of nature, and to weave them into the warp of our religious emotions. The standards of the church, and they chiefly, must constitute the woof of our religious web; if we insert other threads, it must be at our peril and by stealth. In our schools, generally speaking, this teaching of the relation between nature and God is nearly unknown; nay, it is frowned upon, is designated as infidel, and the catechism is thrust into the reluctant hands of the schoolmaster to be taught in its place. There are two questions, wholly distinct, which are very generally confounded in this discussion. "What shall I do to be saved?" is the first. This every man is at liberty, in the exercise of an unquestionable right, to judge of and answer for himself. The appropriate and legitimate object of the standards of every church and of all clerical teaching is to help each of us to form a sound opinion on this momentous point. But the other question in which the working classes are also deeply interested is—"What shall we do to provide wholesome food, comfortable raiment, pleasant dwellings, and the harmless luxuries of life, for our wives, our children, and ourselves?" This question the catechism does not answer. Yet you have only to compare the forlorn, incapable and helpless Barra Highlander, the ignorant destitute Irishman, or the neglected agricultural laborer—all of whom, we may hope, have been adequately instructed in the way of salvation—with the intelligent, energetic, industrious and economical skilled workman of Sheffield, Manchester, Edinburg, or Glasgow, to discover the importance of answering the second question in the right way. Secular education, or instruction in God's works of creation, and in the laws which he had impressed on them, which are the fountains of human wellbeing on earth, must be given free in our common schools, before the people can rise to the dignity of intelligent administrators of this world, and cease to wage the hopeless war of competition with the steam engine and the horse. In England, a society of enlightened and philanthropic has labored for several years to introduce a system of free schools for secular education into that country. It now comprises men of high character and station, many of whose names are known to you, and, to their honor be it mentioned, also several ministers of evangelical churches. After having agitated for several years for a bill for the county of Lancaster alone, they have recently been led to render their association national. They invited Scotland to join; but our countrymen, too intently engaged in the conflicts which I have described, declined to accept their invitation. I am authorised to say, however, that they will hail our accession, at any hour, with joy, and they invite us to unite our voices to theirs in demanding from parliament a measure that shall impart secular education to the people, free from all denominational control, leaving to parents and pastors the duty of weaving their own woof of faith into each child's mind, according to their own convictions of truth and the right way to salvation. I conclude by moving the following resolution:

That the meeting approve of the basis of the Association for National Public School Education in England and Wales, expressed in the following words: "The National Public School Association is formed to promote the establishment, by law, in England and Wales, of a system of free schools, which, supported by local rates, and managed by local committees specially elected for that purpose by the ratepayers, shall impart secular instruction only; leaving to parents, guardians, and religious teachers, the inculcation of doctrinal religion, to afford opportunies for which the schools shall be closed at stated times in each week."

From Dickens' Household Words.

HOW TO BE IDOLISED.

The hyperbole of being "idolised" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "*Dido*" left Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Lunda Isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live-stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders, one morning, to prepare this bird for dinner; and once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odor of roast fowl. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until dinner time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.

Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in an ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but, at length, peace was was restored, the aggressor having apologized for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the *Dido* speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterwards, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Amongst the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the *savans* looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly,

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the *savant*, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."

"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis, smiling.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterwards read as follows:—

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopean race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Teintingua a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (*beer*, in the Malagasy tongue). To this divinity they are ardently devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Æsculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergaz thought the latter philosophical reflections very striking.

"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies, traced out by us with so much labor and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergaz bowed, and was silent.

The cares of a busy commercial life soon caused him to forget the philosopher and his own idol namesake.

After the lapse of about two years, Bergaz set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpai on the Anas Coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but, there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman, and Louis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but in the centre of the floor stood on a pedestal the statute of the god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, although far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship to the ordinary divinities of savage nations.—The figure represented a man dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin carvat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who was intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood.—There was even an attempt. Louis Bergaz thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick black whiskers meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn